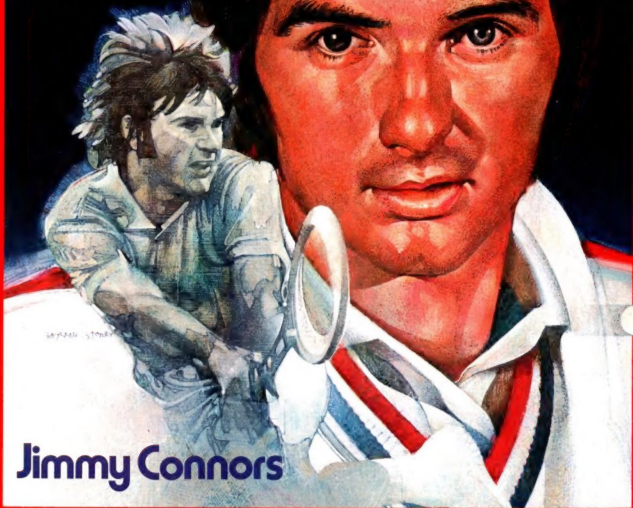


75 CENTS

APRIL 28, 1975

TIME

Storming the Courts



Jimmy Connors

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ROSENSTEIN & TAUBMAN AFTER A GAME AT A MANHATTAN COURT

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If there was any tennis showdown that interested Sport Writer Philip Taubman more than this week's record \$1 million duel between Jimmy Connors and Australia's John Newcombe, it was one he hoped to arrange between Connors and himself. Well before he went out to Los Angeles to interview Connors for the story, Taubman began practicing for a fast set or two with his subject. Unfortunately, Connors declined the challenge, pleading a need to rest a recently sprained ankle before his match with Newcombe. It was just as well. Taubman took up tennis at eleven and is a weekend player of some skill and ferocity. Yet in a series of poolside conversations with Connors at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, he found the world's top seed "talking about a wholly different game—a repository of shots and spins, angles and strategies of chesslike intricacy calculated several volleys in advance." Taubman came away from his talks with Connors "even more impressed with the incredibly intense concentration he brings to the game than with his speed and power."

Taubman continued his study of the superstar's style—both on and off the court—during interviews with his tennis-pro mother Gloria Connors and his Wimbledon-winning sometime fiancée Chris Evert. Reporter-Researcher Jay Rosenstein talked to Connors' manager Bill Riordan, tennis officials and a courtful of American and Australian pros, including Newcombe. When Rosenstein grew up in Brooklyn, his game was boxball, a kind of street tennis that is played with a "Spalden pinkie" ball on a court made up of sidewalk squares. "These pros have a certain panache," Rosenstein concedes, "but they couldn't have handled the 'flukes' and 'dinks' off the cement cracks."

One trademark of the Australian pro game that Rosenstein noted in the course of his reporting was a deep loyalty to the strong Sydney-brewed beers that some Australian pros bring with them when they play in the U.S. Interviewing Newcombe at a tournament in Tucson, Ariz., Rosenstein observed that despite an outward display of confidence, "he was taking Connors very seriously." The clue: an uncharacteristic glass of milk instead of beer with Newcombe's roast beef sandwich.

Ralph P. Davidson

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IBM Reports

The computer and research

The computer serves society in many ways. It is an information organizer, helping deal with large amounts of data. It is a productivity tool, helping us make better use of our resources. It is a management tool, providing perspective on complex decisions.

The computer is also a major research tool, perhaps the most useful of any at the disposal of science today. It is being used to explore many different frontiers of the natural world mathematically—recreating and analyzing interactions that could not otherwise be observed or understood.

It is helping scientists develop a mathematical model of the nucleus of a human cell for use in cancer research. It is helping develop potential new energy sources such as the fusion reactor. It is helping weather researchers learn how to control air pollution.

In these and countless other activities, the computer is performing calculations that were often impractical, or even impossible, only a few short years ago—calculations that have now been made practical by rapid advances in computing speeds and storage capacity, and sharply reduced cost-per-computation.

It's particularly appropriate that the computer should play such an important role in scientific research, for research has played a key role in the computer's own development. A prime example is the remarkable evolution in the basic components of the computer—from the early technology based on large, relatively slow vacuum tubes, to transistors, to integrated circuits, to today's microscopically small high-speed circuitry.

IBM research scientists made critical contributions to these advances. Now they are helping look for the breakthroughs of tomorrow—exploring new techniques ranging from sophisticated lasers to devices much faster than even the most advanced circuitry now in use.

IBM's commitment to research, to finding new ways to do things better and to reducing the cost of doing them, is a continuing one. And it is a cornerstone of our expectation that the technological strides of the next twenty-five years will eclipse even those of the last twenty-five.

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FORUM

The Babies Left Behind

To the Editors:

I was one of those for the war in Viet Nam, but as I slept last night under a soft, warm blanket, I thought of the children of God in Viet Nam under their blankets of stinking death, hunger and abandonment [April 14], and I wondered where in the dark if lightning would strike.

Gary V. Heesch
Oregon City, Ore.

That the "baby lift" is another facet of our emotionalism with respect to South Viet Nam is undeniable. But that it is being used by the Administration to manipulate emotions in favor of the President and against the Congress is highly questionable.

Applications and plans for the adop-

ugee children who are being brought to the U.S.? But what about the starving black child in the ghetto, the poor Indian on the reservation, or the ragged-clothed youngster in Appalachia? Where can they flee to? How many special funds are set up for them?

J. Thomas Jones
Muncie, Ind.

Congenial World

In your Essay "The U.S. Cannot Live in Isolation" [April 7], you say that "not only must the U.S. be able to defend itself but it must have a world—or at least some regions of the world—congenial to its system and its goals."

And I ask: Are the goals of the innumerable juntas you have supported throughout the world (Greece, Chile, Santo Domingo, etc.) your free society's goals too?

Laura Tzelepoglou
Athens, Greece

The failure of U.S. policy in Cambodia and Viet Nam, and its setback in the Middle East, clearly reflects the change in the "correlation of forces" to the disadvantage of the U.S. This change is partly an inevitable development: a world divided between superpowers and non-powers is a historic anomaly, and the increasing ability of smaller powers to frustrate great powers is a return to normality. But the change is also a factor of American decline: the decline of our willingness to allocate resources and take action in support of our foreign policy.

We must integrate public support into the conduct of our foreign affairs through responsible and candid leadership by the Executive, in the Congress and in the media, with better understanding of the roles of pressure groups, whether they be economic, ethnic or philosophic. Also, there must continue to be a strong moralistic basis for U.S. foreign policy. It would have no validity without one.

We seem, at least temporarily, to lack an element indispensable to developing and carrying out sound foreign policy. It is faith in each other as common voyagers.

Robert Taft Jr.
U.S. Senator, Ohio
Washington, D.C.

tion of these babies have been in process for as long as two years. It would appear that the only change is acceleration of the process, created by the acceleration of the crumbling of the defenses of South Viet Nam, which stems from the refusal of the Congress to approve the President's request for aid to South Viet Nam. But the real responsibility is that of the American people themselves. Congress is only carrying out the mandate of its constituents, and that mandate for years has been to get out of South Viet Nam and stay out. Admirable as the baby lift may be, where is our concern for South Vietnamese babies left behind?

Margaret Chase Smith
Skowhegan, Me.

Mrs. Smith served from 1949 to 1973 as an independent-minded Republican Senator from Maine.

Isn't it nice to see so many Americans open their kind hearts to donate food, clothing and money to those ref-

I did not like your Essay. The area of the world in which the U.S. should be "prepared to commit itself" seems to have shrunk drastically in the past 14 years. Is this because "the world changed," or is it because our wisdom and resolve have also shrunk? At this

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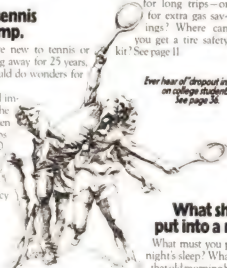
Curb appeal! It's what real estate brokers call the view from the street. Without it, prospects will drive right on by. So when you sell, first consider a paint job.

This month's Money tells you everything you always wanted to know about selling a house but didn't know who to ask. How much to add to the price for bargaining? What kind of fixing up pays off? Should you act as your own broker? What's the best season?

Send your tennis game to camp.

Whether you're new to tennis or have been hacking away for 25 years, summer camp could do wonders for your game.

A week of total immersion in one of the country's two dozen adult tennis camps will cost you \$250 to \$600. But how do you choose the right one? You start with Money's bouncy rundown.



How hard should you work?

Some people seem to succeed in business without really trying. Others kill themselves working. What makes the difference? Money gives you a very practical look at the techniques of executives who carry heavy loads without going under. Plus six ways to make better use of work time.



Want to beat the growing cost of grass? See page 14.

Now for some good inflation.

There's one place where not enough inflation is bad news and that's in the tires on your car.

But how much is enough—for safety and longer wear? How are radials different? How should you adjust pressure for long trips—or for extra gas savings? Where can you get a tire safety kit? See page 11.



Ever hear of "dropout insurance" on college students? See page 36.

What should you put into a mattress?

What must you pay for a good night's sleep? What will prevent that old morning backache? How are the different mattresses made? Does "firm" really mean firm?

You can't tell if a bed's a bomb just by its ticking. So we take you all the way inside mattresses—inningspring foam, water. Read "Getting into Beds." A real sleeper.



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Learn to love inflation.

Inflation is here to stay. But investors can take heart—it's as easy to be a winner in the inflation derby as it is to be a loser.

All it takes is knowing how and when to shift your assets to take advantage of changes in the inflation-ary cycle. So how can you predict the cycle? Two economists give you their secret in "How to Stop Worrying and Learn to Love Inflation."

More Money for April.

- Help from a Congressional Congress.
- How to Soothe Down Insurance Costs.
- These New, Improved Annual Reports.
- A Specialist in All That Oil Money.
- Two Months Without a Paycheck.
- How Options Traders Profit.

Don't get burned on your furnace service contract. See page 62.

Look at the range of stories in Money for April and you can see why this magazine was made for times like these.

The big interest on everybody's mind is money. And Money is the one magazine that talks about it from every angle—in practical, down-to-earth language.

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FORUM

rate, maybe in another 14 years a TIME Essay will give a new list of "top priorities": Washington, D.C., New York City, Cape Cod, Miami Beach. I preferred Kennedy's inaugural pledge.

*Hugh H. Mills
Seattle*

Middle East Hack Work

The question [April 7] is not one of finding an Israeli government strong enough to make high-risk concessions, but rather of finding an Arab government independent and bold enough to meet directly with the Israelis and sign a peace treaty.

It appears that when Sadat gets down to the issue of real peace (via a treaty) he cannot hack it.

*Harriet Miller
Trumbull, Conn.*

Speaking of U.S. leverage with Israel, Rabin stated, "Israel is a sovereign state, responsible for itself." I hope Rabin remembers this before he drops another "\$2.5 billion request" on us.

*John F. Black
Dolton, Ill.*

Your article is very disturbing by reason of its obvious bias in favor of Sadat, the "moderate Arab."

You must think the Israeli Cabinet especially thick not to have been aware, as events in Cambodia and Viet Nam have shown, just how illusory Kissinger's wizardry really is.

Instead of assessing the blame equally, you, your President and his Secretary of State have resorted to the unworthy ploy of scapegoating.

*Lionel Byrne
Ottawa*

Target Henry

In response to your question "What Now for Henry?" [April 7], the answer is: RESIGN.

*(The Rev.) Julius H. Lang
Naples, Fla.*

What in the hell is wrong with people who now are taking cheap shots at this great man? Color 'em intellectual Archie Bunkers.

*Bill Gilmore
Rolling Meadows, Ill.*

It is not Henry who has become a prisoner of his own legend. It is "America's absurd naivete" that has become a prisoner of its own created legend of Kissinger's infallibility, and is now desperately demanding the legend be true.

*Helga Marshall
San Diego*

Competition in Oil

TIME was in error when it reported in its March 31 issue that I "sharply opposed" efforts to eliminate the oil- and

Could the next Olympics be in Pretoria, South Africa?



There's no reason why it couldn't - except that South Africa itself is barred from the Olympic Games.

We were expelled a few years ago at the insistence of some nations who claimed that equal opportunity in sport for the different races did not exist in South Africa.

(In golf, South Africa has more black players competing in professional tournaments than even the United States.)

Responsible voices in the Olympic movement objected to this irrational ostracism but were soon drowned.

With our black and white merit teams denied access to the Olympic Games in Mexico City in 1968 and more recently Munich we had to find another way of providing them with international competition.

In 1973 we staged our own mini-Olympics, attended by more than 2,000 sportsmen from all over the world. In Pretoria they competed for gold, silver and bronze, regardless of race, color or creed. Since then, we have hosted many other international events and world championships.

There is no reason why South Africa should not host the next real Olympics - providing she is accepted back into the Olympic community.

And why shouldn't she be?

Further information about South Africa can be obtained from: The Information Counsellor, South African Embassy, 3051 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., WASHINGTON D.C. 20008

A home. Buy now or wait?

by W. O. DuVall, Chairman of the Board,
The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc.



Is this the right time to buy a home? The only person who can answer this is you, the individual home buyer who knows his or her own needs and resources

For many reasons people have postponed home purchases even though they need a home now and can afford one. Savings and Loan Associations finance over half the homes in the United States, and we'd like to clear up some of the questions about today's housing market.

In contemplating a home purchase, you should focus on your own housing needs and ability to finance them. This will serve you better than trying to guess whether home prices are going up or down, or what the future level of mortgage interest rates will be. New predictions about economic trends appear every day—but no one can accurately predict the future.

One thing that is certain, mortgage money is more readily available than in 1974. Also, the supply of housing is becoming more plentiful.

The fact is that owning your home is still one of the best investments you can make, not to mention all the other benefits and satisfactions that go along with homeownership.

Savings and Loan Associations have helped make this a nation of homeowners, and if you are considering buying a house, we'd like to help you. You'll find your Savings and Loan Association a worthwhile place to go for information about mortgage financing.

Savings and Loan Associations Serving America

FORUM

gas-depletion allowance "for all but the smallest independent oil producers."

I have offered and fought for reforms because our tax provisions should encourage domestic exploration, not foreign drilling. The small, independent producers drill 85% of the new exploratory wells in this country. Consumer interests are well served by tax policies that allow these smaller firms to provide badly needed competition in the petroleum industry.

Lloyd Benisen
U.S. Senator, Texas
Washington, D.C.

Bikini Parity

Re "Away from Freedom" [March 31]: as a farmer, may I join farmers worldwide in extending congratulations to our American counterparts, who in 1974 received from the sale of food products "almost exactly as much" income as did the producers of other things in life, such as autos, bikinis and Ping Pong balls.

Dave Sayer
Ninette, Man
Canada

Advice to Fischer

The Press section [March 31] quotes NBC-TV News Vice President Richard Fischer, referring to news coverage of Viet Nam, as saying: "We are totally in the hands of the various crooks who run charter services."

Speaking as a correspondent who has covered Indochina on and off for 14 years, I am bound to say that this remark is gratuitous slander against some very brave and competent men. Charter pilots risk their planes and lives day after day for such organizations as NBC, and their rates are naturally very high. They get beaten up these days trying to jam a few last women and children into overloaded evacuation flights or chasing through hostile towns on motorcycles, looking for missing newsmen who need to be flown out.

I would advise Mr. Fischer to avoid finding himself alone on a Vietnamese beach, hoping that some helicopter or plane will find him before the North Vietnamese do. Charter men don't like being called crooks.

Malcolm W. Browne
Acting Chief
New York Times Saigon Bureau

Bald and Bewildered

I am bewildered by your calling me "bewigged" [March 31]. Through 90% of *The Sunshine Boys* I am not only not "bewigged," but I am shaved bald.

Walter Matthau
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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FOREIGN POLICY

VIET NAM: NO MORE ARMS

"The Viet Nam debate has now run its course. The time has come for restraint and compassion. The Administration has made its case. Let all now abide by the verdict of the Congress—without recrimination or vindictiveness."

With those words, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger acknowledged last week that the final Indochina crisis was at hand—both in Indochina and in Washington. The Khmer Rouge were masters of Phnom-Penh; the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong were tightening their noose around Saigon. Meanwhile most Congressmen remained adamantly opposed to voting any more military aid for South Viet Nam. U.S. involvement in the wars of Indochina was coming to a last and dangerous conclusion; now the most important question to the U.S. was how to evacuate several thousand Americans from South Viet Nam and what to do about 200,000 South Vietnamese who have worked closely with the Americans during the war.

The debate between the Executive and Legislative branches centered on President Gerald Ford's request for \$722 million in emergency military aid for the Saigon government. In speeches and testimony before congressional committees, Ford and top members of his Administration argued that the aid was needed to "stabilize" the military situation long enough to permit a negotiated settlement of the war. At the very least, it was needed for a safe evacuation of Americans.

In private, Administration officials continued to express fears that South Vietnamese troops and civilians, if not bolstered by the prospect of additional military aid, however chimerical, might turn on the Americans. The North Vietnamese last week reiterated their assurances that Americans and other foreign nationals would not be molested. But the Administration believed that it had no choice but to play a dangerous game: extricate Americans from South Viet Nam even as they assure President Nguyen Van Thieu of at least the possibility of continued U.S. support.

Vague Solution. Ford directed that all "nonessential" Americans be removed from the country, and each day last week hundreds were flown out. But the scope of the problem and how to solve it were vague. Scoffed one Republican Senator: "They don't even know how many are over there, let alone how they are going to get them out."

Congressmen did not take seriously Ford's proposal to evacuate 200,000 Vietnamese who are closely identified with the Americans. Democratic Senator Frank Church of Idaho suggested that the U.S. consider bargaining with the North Vietnamese for the safe passage of the South Vietnamese. Others have proposed that the U.S. ask Russia or China to bring pressure on Hanoi to negotiate a cease-fire. Kissinger thinks that would be useless. As one senior official put it: "What can they do that is worth the debt we would incur? The idea that the Russians and the Chinese can put the squeeze on Hanoi now is unrealistic. To negotiate a surrender, we don't need them."

Secret Promise. Monday, Senate leaders and members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee paid an extraordinary call on the White House to tell the President that Congress was willing to vote some humanitarian aid and anything necessary to get Americans out of South Viet Nam. But they gave Ford no reason to believe that Congress would approve additional military aid.

The Administration continued to insist that the U.S. had no "secret agreements," only a moral obligation to provide the aid. But that did not still the controversy over charges that former President Richard Nixon covertly encouraged Thieu to count on the U.S.'s coming to his rescue. Indeed, TIME has learned that Nixon, in a series of letters from 1970 to 1974, made just such a promise to Cambodian

President Lon Nol, despite repeated Administration assurances to Congress that the U.S. had made no commitment to help Cambodia. In January 1974, for example, Nixon wrote Lon Nol: "The U.S. remains fully determined to provide a maximum possible assistance to your heroic self-defense and will continue to stand side-by-side with the republic."

Pleading the case for more arms for Saigon, Ford and others at times went to desperate lengths. Before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the President drew an unfavorable contrast between U.S. behavior toward Saigon and Chinese and Russian backing of Hanoi. Said Ford: "It appears that they have maintained [their] commitment. Unfortunately the U.S. did not carry out its commitment." He added: "I don't think we can blame the Soviet Union



KISSINGER TESTIFYING BEFORE A SENATE COMMITTEE



INDOCHINA



SOUTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIER CROUCHING DURING A BATTLE IN MEKONG DELTA



FORD ADDRESSING NEWSPAPER EDITORS

of new issues." In the course of the rambling interview, Rockefeller made several other careless statements. Rather breezily, he suggested that Greeks should be pleased that the Turkish invasion of Cyprus led to the restoration of democracy in Greece. "If I were a Greek," he said, "I would be down on my knees praying to whomever they pray to." Asked at another point if Ford intended to make more use of him in foreign affairs, Rockefeller, in an apparent attempt at black humor, said: "It depends on who dies."

No Assurances. The case for further military aid to Saigon was made by Administration spokesmen before various congressional committees. Army Chief of Staff General

Frederick Weyand told the Senate Armed Services Committee that the request included \$138.6 million to reconstitute and equip four divisions made up of draftees and stragglers from the six divisions lost by Saigon in the retreat, \$117.8 million to convert twelve light-infantry Ranger groups into four regular army divisions, \$70 million to convert regional-forces units into regular regiments, and \$221 million for enough ammunition for 60 days of intensive fighting. Weyand and other Administration spokesmen could offer no assurances that the extra aid requested would ensure survival of the Saigon government. Said Weyand: "I don't want to give you any lights at the end of the tunnel. The

aid we have requested gives South Viet Nam a chance. I can't go beyond that. The North Vietnamese have too many options open to them to give any guarantee."

Weyand's "chance" was not enough for the formerly hawkish Senate Armed Services Committee. Last year its members authorized about \$1 billion in military aid for Saigon in the current fiscal year; Congress appropriated only \$700 million. Thus the question before the committee was whether to increase the \$300 million authorized but not appropriated and, if so, by how much. In a series of 8-to-7 votes, the committee opposed increasing that authorization by \$215 million, by \$149 million or by \$101 million. No matter what action the committee now took, there was almost no chance that additional military aid would clear the Congress.

Second Thoughts. That left Ford with no potential money for Indochina except a \$200 million contingency fund that was proposed by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Half the money would be for humanitarian aid to Cambodia and South Viet Nam, and the other half would pay for evacuating Americans from South Viet Nam, their dependents and a small number of "endangered" Vietnamese. Said one Democratic Senator: "They can do what they did in Cambodia, bring out as many as they can at the time that they bring out Americans. But we're not going to let them go beyond that." The House International Relations Committee proposed a \$327 million fund for the same purpose.

At first, the Administration rejected outright the proposed funds as, in one aide's words, "worse than nothing." Later, Ford apparently had second thoughts and gave in to Senate committee members' demands for details of the secret U.S. evacuation plan. It called for reducing the number of U.S. citizens in South Viet Nam to about 1,000 before the end of this week. The Senators were told that more than two dozen U.S. ships had been assembled off Indochina and were to take the Americans aboard.

Satisfied by the report, the committee members cleared the bill for Senate action this week, and it seemed likely that something along the lines of the proposed contingency fund would eventually clear Congress, though when remained uncertain. In the Administration's view, if no military aid was to be voted, American interests would be better served by a delay of that verdict that would keep alive a spirit of anticipation in Saigon and, as one presidential adviser said, "avoid spooking the South Vietnamese." The long agony of America's involvement in Viet Nam seemed to be ending in one final act of deception—cynical, but perhaps also necessary.

and the People's Republic of China. If we had done with our allies what we promised, I think this whole tragedy could have been eliminated." Next day Kissinger tried to straighten out the record. Said he: "We shall not forget who supplied the arms which North Viet Nam used to make a mockery of its signature on the Paris accords."

En route to Taiwan for the funeral of Nationalist China's President Chiang Kai-shek, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller told a reporter that the situation in Indochina "has the makings of political issues" in 1976. In an effort at explanation, he said: "Let's say 2,000 Americans or 3,000, half of them are killed, half of them are taken captive. That raises a lot

THE U.S. MOOD: NOT ANOTHER BULLET

To gauge the reaction of Americans to the debacle in Viet Nam and President Ford's call for more military aid, TIME's regional bureau chiefs last week sampled public and editorial opinion in their areas. Their reports:

New England's SANDRA BURTON

As the opening shots of the Bicentennial echo across New England, the news from Indochina seems almost as much a part of past history as the rout of the redcoats at Lexington and Concord. The decision to remove American influence as well as troops from Viet Nam was made in the minds of many New Englanders long ago and confirmed time and again by campus protests, state primaries and town meetings.

"When I watch TV now," says Hugh Saunders, president of a dowel-making firm in Westbrook, Me., "I feel angry that this country took so long

But despite the televised disaster in Southeast Asia and despite the debate in Washington about the question of aid, no one seems to be picketing or petitioning about Viet Nam. Most hawks and doves are watching the tragedy with numb resignation.

There is some feeling that Congress should grant the President's request to evacuate those Vietnamese who were closely identified with the U.S. "We have a very strong obligation to get them the hell out of there," says Dan Gaby, a New Jersey executive who was a leader in the state's antiwar movement.

Most editorial writers generally agree that there is nothing left to do now but cut losses and save lives. Though the *New York Daily News* and the *Wall Street Journal* give qualified support to President Ford's position, the *Baltimore Sun* speaks for the mainstream of opinion when it says: "What is gone cannot

it," says Kathleen Wells, a Houston nurse who cannot watch the TV reports without tears. "I see all those people, and I think yes to aid. But then in my mind's eye, I see our men, and maybe some day my son, going back, and I think no. If we send nothing, maybe it will all be resolved sooner."

At Miami's Veterans Administration Hospital, Tom Myer, a former Air Force medic who served in Viet Nam, was sore. "I was angry then, and I'm angry now," he says. "A lot of people got killed for nothing." A badly wounded Marine, who is Myer's wardmate, looks at him and says quietly, "For the American public this will be forgotten. Just like a bad dream."

Midwest's BENJAMIN W. CATE

In Oklahoma, Charlie Connor, 82, has just won his fifth straight annual rattlesnake roundup with a catch of 104 rattlers. In Minneapolis, spring has arrived, or so it seems. The year's 64-in. snowfall began melting last week. Insignificant as these events may be, they are welcome diversions in Middle America, where millions see, read and hear about Viet Nam from dawn to dusk. They could do without any of it. Viet Nam? Forget it.

The prevailing mood throughout the region is humanitarian aid yes, military aid no. Even the President's home-town paper, the *Grand Rapids Press*, accuses Ford of "perpetuating the frauds [of the past]" by asking for military aid. Just about the sole voice supporting the President is the conservative *Omaha World-Herald*, which says that Congress "should not turn its back on the request [for aid]." But Nebraska's two-term Democratic Governor J. James Exon says it for the vast majority: "Not one more bullet should go to Southeast Asia."

The West's JESS COOK

This side of the Rockies, most people make it clear that they have heard it all, viewed it all and read it all before. They listen to the President out of residual respect for the office, eye the distant drama on the TV tube and the front pages out of habit and a certain morbid curiosity. The emotions are long since spent. "Three or four years ago, Viet Nam was part of the national consciousness," notes Los Angeles Psychiatrist Ernest White. "Today it isn't affecting my patients at all."

To be sure, there are still a few who feel strongly enough to write letters to the papers blaming the debacle on Jane Fonda or lamenting the lost American resolve, but the whole subject turns most people off. There is little enthusiasm for giving even humanitarian aid. "I can understand giving a small amount," says Mrs. Jessie Hall, a Beverly Hills clerk. "But beyond that, well, you sympathize with tragedy, but enough is enough."



"Anyone care to give again to Vietnam...?"

to realize that it was destroying itself and the Vietnamese by being there." Complains Lawrence Sullivan, an official of the Greater Boston Labor Council. "I hear Schlesinger and Kissinger, and I say, 'Hey, you're not speaking for me!'"

The arrival of the orphans did stir emotion, but many question the wisdom of any wholesale removal of children from their own culture. The *Bangor Daily News* suggests bringing 56,000 Vietnamese orphans to the U.S.—one for every American who died there.

Middle Atlantic's LAURENCE I. BARRETT

Tens of thousands turn out for a Manhattan rally to show "solidarity with Soviet Jews." In Pittsburgh, Greek Americans and their supporters gather to protest U.S. policy toward Cyprus

be rebuilt, and what remains has no prospect of survival."

The South's JAMES BELL

This region, where Presidents from Eisenhower through Nixon received their strongest and most lasting support for the war in Viet Nam, has had it. As far as the South goes, the long and painful episode ended with the return of the last American prisoner of war. So Southerners generally say no to further military aid for Viet Nam or the involvement there of the U.S. Army, Air Force or Navy. They are, of course, for the evacuation of Americans but are nervous about the deployment of Marines for that purpose and ambivalent about the evacuation of large numbers of Vietnamese.

"I can just see us creeping back into



SOUTH VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS FLEEING FROM CROSSFIRE BETWEEN GOVERNMENT & COMMUNIST FORCES AT XUAN LOC

SOUTH VIET NAM

NEXT, THE STRUGGLE FOR SAIGON

"It is beyond my imagination," a South Vietnamese general lamented last week. "It could all have been foreseen long ago. I repeatedly warned about the infiltration of North Vietnamese troops. Now there is no way for the present situation to be salvaged. It is finished."

What little territory remained under South Viet Nam's control shrank steadily through the week as Communist forces drew the ring around Saigon even tighter. Along the coast, North Vietnamese forces overwhelmed the towns of Phan Rang and Phan Thiet, bringing to 19 the number of provincial capitals they have captured. In the Mekong Delta they stepped up their sporadic attacks in an effort to cut Saigon off from its primary source of rice and vegetables. At Xuan Loc, a provincial capital only 40 miles east of Saigon, a valiant defense by outnumbered and outgunned government forces finally appeared to be crumbling at week's end. Only 15 miles north of Saigon, Communist artillerymen launched first assaults on the huge South Vietnamese airbase at Bien Hoa. Using 130-mm. artillery with a range of 15 miles, they momentarily disrupted ARVN's fighter-bomber traffic.

Tearing Toward Berlin. Inevitably the next act will be the Battle of Saigon. North Vietnamese and Viet Cong sappers are already probing the outskirts of the uneasy city; mortars and rockets may soon follow. To many observers, the outcome of the battle is no longer in any doubt. According to a secret report to the U.S. Senate last week, the military situation in South Viet Nam is now "irreversible." The capital may fall as early as May 1, said the report, and nothing short of "decisive military action" by the U.S. could affect that prognosis.

The extraordinarily rapid change in the fortunes of war in South Viet Nam has caught the world—not to mention the participants—unawares. Scarcely a month ago the ARVN was one of the largest and best-equipped armies in the world; today it is shattered. Three-quarters of the country and at least 40% of its 19 million people are under Communist rule.

Also changed is the mode of warfare. No longer is it a contest of small units using land mines and rifle squads. Today regiments and full divisions supported by armor and artillery are pitted against one another in all-out conventional warfare. It is the Communists who are on the offensive. "The North Vietnamese divisions today," remarked a European diplomat in Saigon, "remind me of good World War II armies tearing toward Berlin."

The prolonged fighting at Xuan Loc was interpreted, in the beginning, as a test of the ARVN's remaining will to fight. "I vow to hold Xuan Loc," declared the 18th Division commander, Brigadier General Le Minh Dao. "I don't care how many divisions the other side sends against me, I will knock them down."

By early last week, when he visited the embattled city, TIME Photographer Dirck Halstead found little left to fight over. "Virtually every building was in ruins," Halstead reported later. "Blackened bodies of North Vietnamese soldiers littered the streets, where heavy house-to-house fighting had obviously taken place not long before. Except for the troops, the town was empty of its 38,000 people." The ARVN fought hard and well at Xuan Loc. But by the time Halstead and other journalists got back to their helicopter they found it sur-

rounded and overrun, not only by frightened civilians but by soldiers who were understandably trying to bug out.

In the approaching Battle of Saigon, the odds against the ARVN are growing. The three divisions defending the Mekong Delta are comparatively well trained and disciplined. As for the rest, says a veteran military observer in Saigon, "ARVN has probably the worst morale of any army since the collapse of the French in World War II. In three weeks they have been put through general retreats, separated from their own units and officers, walked and fought their way down half the country, survived mass panic and mutinies, and now they are being asked to fight again to save their capital city from total defeat."

Static Positions. In numbers alone, the relative strength of the two sides has changed drastically since the signing of the Paris accords in January 1973. At that time the North Vietnamese had 148,000 combat troops in South Viet Nam; today they have an estimated 237,000. Two years ago ARVN had 250,000 combat troops; today, in the wake of the great retreat, it has only 104,000. Out of 150,000 troops formerly based in Military Regions I and II, no more than 60,000 are left; the rest were killed, wounded, or simply ran away. As a result, the ARVN has only seven remaining divisions, while the North Vietnamese have as many as 21.

What is more, much of the South Vietnamese force is committed to static defense positions—bridges, key highways, airfields—limiting its mobility and ruling out probing operations. "We are tied down everywhere," complained a South Vietnamese general last week. "The Communists' tactics are to draw



ARVN OFFICER CARRYING WOUNDED SOLDIER
An irreversible situation.

us out everywhere they can and then hit us where we are weakest."

In the view of some Saigon observers, many of ARVN's current problems stem directly from the Paris accords and the withdrawal of U.S. forces two years ago. The Americans had helped South Viet Nam create an army that the Vietnamese could not maintain without considerable advisory assistance and steady, sizable infusions of equipment. When U.S. support was removed, it was not long before many ARVN soldiers simply forgot what they had learned under American tutelage. "Our G.I.s were always telling us not to bunch up, not to bunch up," laughed a South Vietnamese soldier near Xuan Loc last week. "That's all I remember—don't bunch up." Moreover, the Paris accords gave the North Vietnamese an important tactical advantage by not acknowledging their presence in the South, thereby tacitly allowing them to stay—in force.

Serious Problems. ARVN is also suffering from practices that are endemic to South Viet Nam—the deferments available to the rich, the influential and the educated, and the practice of awarding high-ranking military posts as political plums. But ARVN's most serious problem during the current crisis may be its top leadership—and specifically its commander in chief, President Nguyen Van Thieu. Despite the debacle of the withdrawal, Thieu still indulges in the mandarin weakness of running his army like a puppetmaster, capriciously moving units from one defense line to another but rarely visiting the fighting fronts himself.

Thieu's political leadership has cre-

INDOCHINA

ated an even more severe problem for the country. After the disastrous setbacks of the past month, there have been widespread calls for his resignation. Last week Thieu responded by naming yet another new government, this one a "fighting government of unity." Despite that description the new Cabinet included no members of the broadening opposition; the Premier, Nguyen Ba Can, is a bland labor unionist who can be counted on to do the President's bidding. General Duong Van ("Big") Minh demanded that Thieu resign before Saigon "becomes another Phnom-Penh," but the call was not likely to be heeded.

While the debate over evacuation continued in Washington, the U.S. proceeded with its plan to reduce the remaining American population in South Viet Nam to about 1,000 by the end of this week. One problem was what officials called "the woodwork factor": as many as 1,400 Americans whose existence caught the U.S. embassy by surprise have surfaced in Saigon, seeking a way out.

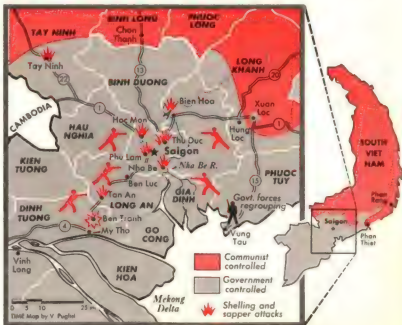
Under U.S. pressure, the Saigon government suddenly relaxed the rules for evacuating the Vietnamese dependents of American citizens. One American affected by the ruling was Karl Camp, who had already spent \$1,500 in bribes in an effort to get his Vietnamese wife and her six children out of the country. Another was former Serviceman Kenneth Cowan, who had left his wife and three children in Saigon when his tour of duty in Viet Nam ended two years ago. Now a helicopter repairman in Redondo Beach, Calif., Cowan took a month's leave from his job, sold his car, diving equipment and drums and flew back to Saigon to rescue his family. "My wife was worried about what the Commu-

nists might do to mixed kids," he said. "I just had to get them out."

According to intelligence estimates, ten North Vietnamese divisions were gathering in the region of Saigon, awaiting a signal to attack. Communist shelling of the city and of nearby Tan Son Nhut airbase could begin at any time. U.S. Army Chief of Staff Frederick Weyand returned from South Viet Nam to Washington two weeks ago convinced that "the North Vietnamese seek a total military conquest of South Viet Nam." With so many options available to them, they might decide instead to pursue a strategy of slow strangulation, gradually cutting Saigon off from the coast, from the Delta and finally from the air. The view of U.S. Defense Secretary James Schlesinger is that the Communists will "encircle Saigon so that it falls of its own weight."

No Other Place. How will the South Vietnamese react if, on the contrary, there is a full-scale attack? Will they flee, as tens of thousands did from Danang a few weeks ago? U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin believes not. "At Danang," he told TIME Correspondent William Stewart, "there was much fear of the unknown, and there was still some place else to go. Now there is no other place. This is it."

In the end, a siege of Saigon may be averted by the formation of a coalition government. Three weeks ago, the French tried to act as intermediaries in arranging just such a solution through establishment of a national council of reconciliation that pointedly excluded Nguyen Van Thieu. There was one insurmountable difficulty. "Thieu didn't want a way out," said a European diplomat in Saigon. "And he still doesn't."



RETREAT TOWARD SAIGON

Truck load of refugees and possessions prepares to leave Gia Dinh area near Saigon.

J. A. POGODSKY—SYGMA





Top: Helicopter airlifts refugees from devastated Xuan Loc. Above: Soldier crouches under vehicle during ARVN counterattack near city's center. Right: ARVN soldier gives drink to North Vietnamese prisoner of war captured near Xuan Loc.

LIFE IN THE CAPTURED PROVINCES

One of the larger mysteries surrounding the collapse of most of South Viet Nam is the fate of an estimated 9 million people who did not—or could not—flee from the 19 provinces over-run by North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops. Hanoi has officially refused to permit the handful of foreign correspondents stationed in the North Vietnamese capital to visit the captured areas. Thus most of the scattered reports about conditions in South Viet Nam's northern provinces have been issued by the "Liberation Press Agency" of the Provisional Revolutionary Government. These euphoric communiqués stress the "delirious welcomes from the crowds" and the "joy on the part of the liberated populations" but say little about what has been happening to the people or the problems the Communists face in taking over so large an area so rapidly.

Even discounting the bias of the Hanoi press, Western observers were reasonably satisfied that the Communist conquest of almost three-quarters of South Viet Nam was proceeding so far without widespread bloodbaths or reprisals. Some refugees reported public stonings as well as scattered executions. In Danang, a policeman was beheaded in the marketplace soon after the Communist forces arrived, and the Viet Cong tied several captured ARVN soldiers together and blew them up with grenades. In Hué, after a drumhead court-martial, five policemen were shot. None of the refugees, however, reported mass executions similar to those during the 1968 Tet offensive, when about 2,000 civilians were slaughtered in Hué alone and tossed into common graves.

Soup Kitchens. Even if they had wanted to carry out a campaign of revenge and terror, Communist forces had little time for retribution. They had more than enough work trying to restore the captured cities and towns to normal operation. In Danang, according to a South Vietnamese businessman who was there after the fall and then made his way to Saigon, the normal population of 500,000 was swollen to almost twice that number by refugees. Military government experts were preoccupied with getting the refugees back to their homes; bus service has already been established from Danang and Qui Nhon to as far north as Hanoi.

In many areas, civil servants and technicians had fled, leaving communities without electricity or water. Merchants had closed their shops. The first task of the arriving soldiers was to get communities operating again. Communist cadres set men to burning or burying dead bodies; women were put to work cleaning streets and whitewashing Saigon slogans off public walls. Hanoi also broadcast pleas for shipments of medicines, vitamins and powdered milk

for civilians and, as schools reopened the replacement of some textbooks.

Efforts to control and classify the population in some areas are already well along. In Danang, Communist officials have instituted a system of color-coded identity cards. People under investigation on suspicion of upper-level ties to Saigon were given dark red cards. Police and lesser suspects got light red cards. Girls, young men and laborers were issued yellow cards. Those over 50 who were not under suspicion received white cards. White-carders can travel anywhere within the Communist zone, while yellow-carders require a 48-hour wait for permission. Red-carders are forbidden to travel at all. The populace was also ordered to surrender rice and money for redistribution. Rice rations are being given out according to the cards: 400 grams of rice daily to those with

Shades of Red. Ten days after its capture, Danang appeared to be returning to normalcy. Stores were open and cinemas were operating, featuring such Hanoi potboilers as *The Revered Flag* and *Battlefield in Quang Duc*. North and South Vietnamese currencies were both in circulation, but the black-market val-

ALBERTO WY



COMMUNIST SOLDIERS WITH CAPTURED ARVN TROOPS IN DANANG AFTER THE CITY'S FALL. Yellow for girls and laborers, but for those who were suspect, two shades of red.

ue of Hanoi's dong increased daily against Saigon's piaster. Looters sold rice from government storehouses and motorbikes and boats left behind by those who had fled. Such enterprise stopped abruptly when Communist soldiers shot ten looters and led others away with hands bound.

Once public services have been completely restored in captured areas, Communist cadres are expected to begin methodically identifying and bringing to trial "traitors" who were closely identified with the Saigon government. Ironically, among the first "criminals" rounded up in the captured provinces were some South Vietnamese soldiers who had profiteered by selling U.S. military equipment to the Viet Cong. But ordinary soldiers were apparently not being punished. Instead they were required only to write "confessions" as part of a mass indoctrination program that included compulsory public rallies

white and yellow, only 200 grams to those with either shade of red.

Whether any campaign of retribution would be launched against Roman Catholics was unclear. None of the seven bishops in the captured provinces joined the tidal wave of fleeing refugees and none had been heard from at week's end. To still fears of a religious pogrom, Hanoi ordered its conquering troops to revere temples, pagodas and churches. Buddhist flags were hoisted alongside those of North Viet Nam and the P.R.G.

There to Stay. Temporarily, at least, it appeared that the conquering forces intend to avoid mass punishments. For one thing, this time they mean to stay, and consolidation of their hold will be easier if they enjoy the support of the population. For another, reports of widespread cruelty might stampede those in areas still held by Saigon into panicky flight, thus blocking the roads for oncoming Communist forces.



REMOVING U.S. EMBASSY CAR FLAG



VILLAGERS NEAR THAI BORDER WELCOME KHMER ROUGE TROOPS

CAMBODIA

THE LAST DAYS OF PHNOM-PENH

Silence finally fell across Cambodia's battlefields last week after five years of fratricidal fighting that claimed as many as 1 million casualties, leveled once graceful Cambodian cities and scorched the tranquil countryside. Admitting the futility of further resistance, the remaining leaders of the Khmer Republic drove to a prearranged meeting place—Kilometer 6 on Route 5—and there surrendered to officers of the Communist-dominated Khmer Rouge insurgents. Not since Seoul was overrun by North Korean attackers nearly a quarter-century ago had a national capital fallen in combat to Communist troops.

White Flags. Although government leaders had been vowing "to fight until the last drop of blood," there was no attempt at a last-ditch stand. Instead, with the city's last defenses collapsing before the rebels' relentless pounding, the government military command ordered its troops to surrender their weapons to the insurgents. As announcements blared from loudspeakers mounted on army trucks, white flags and banners sprouted everywhere—from downtown buildings and shops, from the masts of government gunboats in the Mekong and Tonle Sap rivers, from armored personnel carriers of the government's 2nd Infantry Division.

Then the black-uniformed rebels started entering the capital, first from the north and then from the west and south. Initially, at least, there was none of the carnage that some government officials had predicted. Neither was

there the stony silence that has greeted conquerors in other civil wars. The rebels were given a tumultuous welcome. Streets were crowded as the besieged city's inhabitants cheered and waved white flags or strips of white cloth. About the only shooting came from jubilant insurgents triumphantly firing into the air.

There were, to be sure, some ominous notes. When the Khmer Rouge seized the government radio station, a rebel spokesman said menacingly in a broadcast: "We did not come here to talk. The Lon Nol clique [a reference to the President, who fled about a month ago] and some of its officers should all be hanged." Fearing reprisals from the Communists, a number of government officials and military officers, plus an estimated 2,000 other Cambodians, took refuge in the Hotel Le Phnom, which the International Red Cross had declared a neutral zone.

At the Ministry of Information, meanwhile, the Khmer Rouge commander in Phnom-Penh broadcast an appeal to all "ministers and generals who have not run away" to meet with him to "help formulate measures to restore order." At week's end, although almost all communication with Phnom-Penh was closed, there were unconfirmed reports that the Khmer Rouge had beheaded some members of the former government. There was no word as to the fate of Premier Long Boret, who was said to have been arrested while attempting to escape by helicopter.

The surrender ended a bloody chapter that began in March 1970, after a bloodless coup ousted Prince Norodom Sihanouk as chief of state. The new regime, headed by General Lon Nol, almost immediately launched a campaign to drive Hanoi's troops from their base camps inside Cambodia and quash the Khmer Rouge, a ragtag band of 3,000 to 5,000 leftist guerrillas. After initial hesitations, Washington backed the new regime. The U.S. invasion of Cambodia in 1970, directed against North Vietnamese sanctuaries, was partly designed to help Lon Nol. Also helpful were \$1.8 billion in aid and thousands of bombing missions flown by the U.S. until Congress banned them in August 1973.

Swelling Ranks. For the first two years of the war, highly professional North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers fought beside the Khmer Rouge; as volunteers and conscripted peasants swelled their ranks, the rebels fought alone. By the time the U.S. bombing ceased, the Communists claimed 90% of Cambodia's territory and were on the outskirts of the capital. Only the stubborn and unexpected resistance of the government's poorly paid troops kept Phnom-Penh from falling in 1973 or 1974. This year, when the insurgents blockaded the Mekong River and cut off all land access to the capital, the government had to rely on a U.S. airlift for food, fuel and ammunition.

It was thus just a matter of time before the capital would fall and, as last week began, an insurgent victory was

imminent. After the evacuation of the U.S. embassy (TIME, April 21), the Phnom-Penh government stood alone. "We feel completely abandoned," said Premier Long Boret, who stated at the time that he had decided to remain in Cambodia. Any hope of resupplying or defending the capital ended when the U.S. airlift halted the day the embassy closed.

Soon after the U.S. evacuation, the insurgents, as if waiting for a signal that Washington had finally, irrevocably given up on Cambodia, began what proved to be the final assault of the war. Reinforced by units brought in from the provinces and from blockade stations along the Mekong River, about 40,000 Khmer Rouge troops attacked the capital from all sides.

The road between Phnom-Penh and Pochentong Airport was severed; suburbs to the northwest of the city fell; in the south, in the southwest, on the Mekong riverbank across from the capital's east side, insurgents rolled easily over government defenders. Highly accurate U.S.-made 105-mm. howitzers, captured from government forces, were brought within range of the airport to support a punishing rebel ground assault. After a three-day-long seesaw battle, first the control tower and then the airfield fell.

As the Khmer Rouge pushed forward, setting fire to houses and refugee camps, thousands of new refugees preceded them. The endless stream, including government soldiers who had shed their uniforms and insurgents who were attempting to infiltrate Phnom-Penh, pressed toward the capital on foot, in ox-carts and by motorbike.

Ghost Town. As the battle moved closer to Phnom-Penh, military police used rifle butts in a futile attempt to control the mobs of refugees flowing into the city. After a disaffected air force pilot bombed the military command headquarters (killing seven), a 24-hour curfew was imposed for one day while police went from house to house to search for infiltrators. Hospitals were crowded to two and three times their capacity. The small French community, anticipating the imminent arrival of the insurgents, began affixing the Tricolor to their houses; Paris had already recognized the Khmer Rouge. Meanwhile, the evacuated U.S. compound looked like a ghost town, picked clean of all movable objects by the Cambodian employees and police assigned to guard it.

By midweek, Phnom-Penh radio admitted that the situation "is boiling hotter and hotter." The insurgents had moved their 105-mm. howitzers close enough to shell downtown Phnom-Penh. The army's ammunition was nearly exhausted. "The end is fast approaching," a Cambodian employee of TIME cabled. "All is about to be lost. There will be no more escape."

Belatedly, the regime sought some political alternative to complete surrender. Only hours after interim President

Saukham Khoy fled Cambodia along with the U.S. diplomats, Long Boret announced a three-month suspension of the National Assembly and the creation of a seven-man "Revolutionary Committee," headed by Armed Forces Chief of Staff Sak Sutsakhom, to rule the country. The committee offered the rebels a cease-fire if they would permit national elections to determine the future government of the country. The insurgents ignored the proposal.

With the military situation rapidly deteriorating, the government dropped its demands for elections. Via the Red Cross, it sent an urgent message to Prince Sihanouk, who had been titular head of the Khmer Rouge. The govern-

ment offered a complete cease-fire and full transfer of powers to the insurgents its only condition: no reprisals. From Peking, where he lives in exile, Sihanouk spurned the proposals. He denounced the members of the Revolutionary Committee as "traitors who deserve hanging and should try to escape while they can." He urged the government's soldiers to "lay down their arms, raise the white flag and surrender." With that, the government surrendered completely and unconditionally.

It is expected that Khieu Samphan, 43, will quickly emerge as the major figure in the new government (see box below). For most of the war, the French-educated Samphan was Deputy Premier

KHIEU SAMPHAN: OUT OF THE JUNGLE

Cambodia's conquerors are as shrouded in mystery as the jungles in which they operated for so long. Western experts have not even been able to determine whether the movement is basically Cambodian nationalist, Cambodian Marxist or doctrinaire Communist. What is already clear, however, is that Khieu Samphan, 43, will probably wield the most power in the new regime. During the war he was Deputy Premier to Prince Norodom Sihanouk as well as Minister of Defense and commander in chief of the Khmer Rouge fighting forces. TIME's Stephen Heder interviewed Samphan's younger brother Khieu Seng Kim in Phnom-Penh early this month and cabled this profile of the new Cambodian leader.

Samphan's radicalism dates from his days on a government scholarship at the University of Paris. Then in his early 20s and earning a doctorate in economics, he joined a group of Cambodian leftists led by Hou Youn (who might also play a key role in the new regime).

Three years after Samphan returned to Cambodia in 1959, Sihanouk appointed him Under Secretary of State for Commerce. Samphan's reason for accepting, according to younger brother Khieu Seng Kim: "From the Cabinet, he felt he could protect his leftist group." Samphan soon found himself courted by wealthy businessmen. The brother recalls: "One day a Sino-Khmer merchant came to our house with a package for him. It was full of money. Later at dinner, he said that 'if you take money from the capitalists, you have to work for them. Then you're a traitor to the people because the capitalists are the enemies of the people.' After that, businessmen would complain, 'No matter how we approach your brother, we get nowhere. He's hopeless. He'll never get anywhere in this government.'"

True. In 1963, Sihanouk blamed Samphan for the rising cost of consumer

goods. Samphan resigned, but remained in the National Assembly for four more years and also taught at the new Faculty of Law. As his popularity soared, he became a hero to the young intellectuals opposing the corruption of the existing government. In early 1967, Sihanouk ac-



KHIEU SAMPHAN (LEFT) & SIHANOUK (1973)

cused Samphan and two leftist colleagues of being Communist agents and starting peasant unrest. "There are those who want me to kill these three men," the Prince declared. "But I won't do it. I'll let them kill themselves."

The next evening, after telling his family that he was going for a stroll, Khieu disappeared, fading into the jungle and joining the fledgling Khmer Rouge. Now, the head of a victorious army, Samphan can return to Phnom-Penh master of all Cambodia.

INDOCHINA

to Sihanouk, but it was clear all along that it was he who held the power, not the exiled prince.

A soft spoken Marxist, Samphan is expected to try to transform his nation into a one-party Communist-dominated state. In fact, in those areas that have been controlled by the insurgents for some time, there have been zealous efforts to sweep away the traditional easy-going habits of old Cambodia. A highly politicized, regimented life has been stressed, peasants have been herded into communes, and the state has acquired a dominant authority over private activities.

What role awaits Sihanouk is highly uncertain. In a series of statements last week, the mercurial prince insisted that he is neither a Khmer Rouge nor a Communist but a neutralist. "I am a very independent man," he said. He may have some voice in the new regime, perhaps as its representative abroad, though he has indicated that what he would really like is to be named lifetime head of state. Whatever the role, he said, he would advocate a Cambodia that would be nonaligned, progressive and non-Communist. That would surely bring him into conflict with Khieu Samphan, who would surprise nobody by keeping Sihanouk in a figurehead role for a decent interval and then dumping him.

Rumbling Trucks. The most urgent task confronting the new regime is, of course, administration of the country. Some 2 million refugees (from a population of only 7.6 million) must be fed and sheltered. Government troops must be demobilized and put to work. The shattered economy must be reconstructed, in particular the lush rice lands, which once yielded surpluses, must be restored to productivity. Order must be restored in the capital, swollen to three times its normal population. In a calculated effort to thin out teeming Phnom-Penh, presumably to get refugees into the countryside to plant rice in time for the rainy season and perhaps to facilitate the search for hidden government and army officials, rebel sound trucks rumbled through Phnom-Penh toward week's end, warning of immediate attack. Panicked, thousands of refugees fled the city.

One advantage enjoyed by the Khmer Rouge is its apparent popularity among the general public, possibly because of relief and gratitude that the war is finally over. That reservoir of good will could quickly dry up, however, if the new rulers launch widespread reprisals or move quickly to create a harsh, regimented state. Addressing himself to these potential pitfalls, Khmer Rouge Politburo Member Chau Seng assured a Paris press conference last week that while "there will be some trials in Phnom-Penh, we will judge in a humane way." The new regime will in turn be judged—by its own citizens and by the rest of the world—on the basis of just how humanely it does behave.



SAIGON MOTHER WEEPS AFTER SENDING HER SON TO U.S.

REFUGEES

CLOUDS OVER THE AIRLIFT

For all the good intentions that fueled it, the airlift of orphans from Indochina continued to cause problems. Last week, after 28 Cambodian children arrived at Washington, D.C.'s Dulles International Airport without the proper papers indicating their suitability for adoption, the Immigration and Naturalization Service ordered the rescue operation stopped temporarily. The government had decided earlier to admit 2,000 children in all, and wished to double-check how many had already reached the U.S. and to be certain that future arrivals qualified for adoption. At week's end, the airlift was given a new green light; authorities expected about 300 more orphans to be brought over.

Living Parent. The Cambodian planetload was the latest in a series of irregularities that has troubled the humanitarian effort. At San Francisco's Presidio, where 932 of the children made a temporary stop, several Vietnamese-speaking interviewers discovered that some of the orphans said they were not orphans at all. Jane Barton, a staff member of the American Friends Service Committee who spent three years in Viet Nam, found two dozen children who claimed they had at least one living parent. Interviewer Nhu Miller talked to a twelve-year-old boy and his two sisters who said their parents had been persuaded by nuns to turn them over to an orphanage. The children, who survived the C-5A crash near Saigon that killed 200 persons early this month, arrived in San Francisco and were destined to be separated and sent to three different European countries. Susan Shaffer, a volunteer in the Presidio's immigration room, found that most children being processed were accompanied by only the spottiest documentation.

Barton also came upon a well-dressed girl of about eleven named Vu

Thi Loc, who cheerfully displayed a photograph of her uncle, an ARVN colonel. The girl said that her uncle had shipped her and about 20 other nieces and nephews to the U.S. to join relatives; her mother is living in the U.S. and is now married to an American. About five days before the flight, the girl said, the colonel's brood was placed in a Catholic orphanage in Saigon. Good connections and an ample store of cash served other Vietnamese well too. At least two well-to-do Saigon families managed to put their children upon U.S.-bound planes as "orphans"—and to accompany them on the trip as "escorts."

The adoption agencies that participated insisted that they had acted properly. Said Bob Charness, director of Holt Children's Services in Saigon: "I know for a fact that no VIP children were on any of our flights." In the U.S., Pat Dempsey of Friends of All Children, which brought over a large proportion of the young refugees, said that all tots handled by her agency were either truly orphaned or had been deliberately—and irrevocably—handed over for adoption by their parents. Dempsey acknowledged that some children might have arrived in the U.S. minus their requisite papers, since many documents were lost when the C-5A went down.

Tiny Packages. TIME has learned that U.S. Government investigators are finding it extremely difficult to determine the cause of that crash. Looting South Vietnamese soldiers who were first on the scene picked through the wreckage, stripping the dead—and injured—of anything of conceivable value. Along with aircraft instruments and fuselage parts that are needed for the investigation, the scavengers ripped out and stole tiny packages of U.S. one-dollar bills that had been sewed into the underclothes of some of the orphans.

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THE ADMINISTRATION

The Difficulty of Being Henry Kissinger

These are prickly and painful times for the U.S. Secretary of State, and as a believer in the tragic destiny of man, Henry Kissinger may not be too surprised at his current plight. After a series of almost unbroken diplomatic successes, he has taken two jolting defeats. His very triumphs—in Viet Nam, in the Middle East—have returned to haunt him. In his dealings with the Soviet Union, with Turkey and the oil-producing countries, an increasingly truculent and suspicious U.S. Congress questions and curtails his efforts. Long deemed an indispensable national resource, Kissinger is being buffeted by intimations of mortality. Critics foreign and domestic are suggesting he might best serve the U.S. by stepping aside.

Last week the Long Island daily *Newsday* called for his resignation because of the "secret understandings" between Nixon and President Thieu. "It is not America's credibility that will be questioned now as a result of the debacle in Southeast Asia; it is Kissinger's. It is not the character of the American people that will provoke doubts among America's allies and adversaries; it is Kissinger's." In Britain's *Guardian*, former Washington Correspondent Peter Jenkins wrote: "South Viet Nam is the latest victim of the most cynical superpower diplomacy of which Henry Kissinger is the outstanding Western exponent... The meaning of that 'Peace with Honor,' now revealed, strips Henry Kissinger of his own honor." In Latin America, there is scant enthusiasm for Kissinger's scheduled trip to Argentina, Brazil and Venezuela this week. A former Argentine ambassador to the U.S. remarked: "No one down here is

thinking that Ford and Kissinger are going to come up with anything new. As far as we're concerned, Kissinger and Ford are already lame ducks."

The essential criticism of Kissinger is that he has made American diplomacy too much of a one-man show. Says a Democratic adviser to several Presidents: "When you personalize foreign policy to the extent he has, you must be prepared to rise with success and descend with failure. You live by the sword and you die by the sword." Jun Tsunoda, who advises the Japanese government on U.S. affairs, makes the same point. "Diplomacy in today's complex world is too big a job for one man to handle in person."

Yet Kissinger continues to have the ear—and the respect—of the President, who recently called him "a person of unbelievable wisdom." Kissinger, in fact, is more comfortable with Ford than he

was with Nixon, who delighted in occasionally deflating his foreign policy adviser. Ford is straight-arrow all the way. When he finds Kissinger expendable, the Secretary will be the first to know. For the moment, the President does not blame him for the debacle in Viet Nam or the setback in the Middle East. A top aide says that Ford still believes Kissinger has "an inner sense of strategy that can put all this back together in the next year or 18 months."

Conciliatory Tone. Ford's loyalty to Kissinger was put to the test when some top presidential aides—Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld, Counsellor Robert Hartmann, Congressional Liaison John Marsh and Press Secretary Ron Nessen—opposed Kissinger's heated reaction to the Viet Nam defeat. Prior to Ford's first major foreign policy address before Congress, they urged him not to concentrate too heavily on the fiasco or to blame Congress for it. They were also backed up by two noted Republicans outside the Government who sent word to Ford through Rumsfeld that they thought the President should take a conciliatory tone toward Congress and not ask for more military aid for South Viet Nam. Heartened by the growing support for his point of view, a presidential aide let members of the press know that Ford would be his own master in foreign policy.

But Ford's advisers underestimated the staying power of their antagonist. Compared with what Kissinger had suffered at the hands of the Nixon palace guard, the Ford crew behaved like rank amateurs. Kissinger made sure that his views prevailed in the President's

"It's only fair to warn you—there's a vicious rumor going around that you're a mere mortal."



speech, and Ford had no objections. Once they had lost the skirmish, the doves dove for cover, at least temporarily, and tried to conceal their tracks. Nessen fired one of his assistants, Louis M. Thompson Jr., who some said was being blamed for leaking the facts of the anti-Kissinger cabal to the press. In fact, Nessen is the prime candidate for the source of the leaks. By dumping Thompson, Nessen may have been trying to appease Kissinger.

Despite his obvious zest for office, Kissinger has devoted considerable thought to leaving it—but on his terms. At his own choosing. "Timing is everything," he has told friends. "You can leave office or you can be carried out of office. I'm not going to be carried out of office." TIME has learned in fact that

Kissinger was seriously thinking of retiring if the last round of Middle East negotiations had been successful. At the moment, precisely because of his setbacks, he is determined not to quit. It would be a reflection not only on him, he believes, but also on American policy. Both he and the country would look like losers, and to Kissinger nothing in statecraft is more important than appearances, for they may decisively influence other nations' actions.

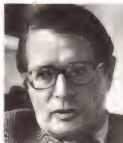
Success Story. Foreign leaders tend to echo his argument. The British Foreign Office fears that his removal would encourage the Soviets to adopt a more aggressive posture in the belief that the U.S. was retreating from its international commitments. Danger zones might be vulnerable to Russian probes

Yugoslavia, Finland, West Berlin, even Austria. Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy in the Middle East may have been frustrated, but both Israelis and Arab moderates continue to have confidence in him. Says former Israeli Minister for Foreign Affairs Abba Eban: "Even with the present setback, the Middle East is an American success story."

In his speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors last week, Kissinger gave no sign that he planned to step down, but he also sounded like a man somewhat chastened by adversity. "In our foreign involvement, we have oscillated between exuberance and exhaustion, between crusading and retreats into self-doubt." That is surely a description of his own recent state of mind as well as his country's policies.



MELVIN LAIRD



ELLIOT RICHARDSON



GEORGE BUSH



DONALD RUMSFELD



WILLIAM SCRANTON

Who Might Succeed Henry

Though President Ford today is determined to keep Henry Kissinger as his Secretary of State and Kissinger is determined to stay, a hazardous route stretches to the end of Ford's term. Should Kissinger leave, somewhere along the way, whom might Ford pick to replace him? The speculation is in the best hot-stove-league tradition.

Any new Secretary of State would probably be a Ford familiar; there would not be enough time in the remainder of his term to get used to an unknown. It would also surely be someone who could get along comfortably with the aroused Congress. And though Kissinger came from academe, his successor is not likely to be plucked from the same area; for the sprint through 1976, more experience would be required. Says a Foreign Service professional: "We don't need or want another master theoretician."

Given those criteria, here are an arbitrary five choices for Ford, in approximate order of probability.

MELVIN LAIRD, 52. Ford's closest friend while in the House, Laird (who held a Wisconsin seat for 16 years) provided advice and comfort for the new President during his trying early days in the White House. Laird could be useful in mending fences with Congress. When he was summoned by Nixon to restore order to the White House at the height of Watergate, he was not so much as brushed by the scandal. Unlike almost everyone else who got close to Nixon in his last year in office, Laird emerged with his reputation totally intact. A practical politician not given to self-delusion, he referred to the Paris peace accords as an "American disengagement" rather than "peace with honor." Laird, the architect of Vietnamization and accelerated troop withdrawal, often differed with Kissinger on his handling of Viet Nam.

ELLIOT RICHARDSON, 54. Perhaps the most widely experienced man in Government today, he held three different Cabinet posts under Nixon: Secretary of Health, Education and Wel-

fare, Secretary of Defense and Attorney General. He was also an Under Secretary of State whose administrative ability impressed even Kissinger, then the President's adviser for national security affairs. For a slightly standoffish Boston Brahmin, Richardson gets along well on the Hill. His dramatic resignation during the Saturday Night Massacre made him a kind of hero: at an auction last year, one of his celebrated doodles fetched \$1,000. Now the Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Richardson, in an indiscreet moment, confided that he was Kissinger's choice for successor—and he probably was until he said so—but the ultimate decision is Ford's.

GEORGE BUSH, 50. Ford's second choice for Vice President, the handsome Bush is currently chief of the U.S. liaison office in Peking. He served two vigorous years as U.S. Representative to the United Nations, where he developed a knack for negotiation and earned the respect of fellow delegates. As Republican national chairman, he made friends in all factions of the party.

DONALD RUMSFELD, 42. The quietly ambitious and well-positioned White House chief of staff must automatically be considered for any vacancy that occurs in a major post. As director of the Office of Economic Opportunity and then director of the Cost of Living Council under Nixon, Rumsfeld did not serve with any particular distinction. After serving a year and a half as NATO Ambassador, he was brought back home by his old friend Ford to clear up the chaos in the White House. He has subsequently strengthened his position by bringing a few of his own men into the Administration.

WILLIAM SCRANTON, 57. A leading member of the now quiescent Eastern G.O.P. establishment, Scranton served in Congress for two years, then was elected Governor of Pennsylvania for a four-year term. In 1964, he made a try for the G.O.P. presidential nomination. Since then, he has been regularly appointed to presidential commissions and special missions. He was one of a dozen statesmen who were recently called in by Kissinger to discuss the breakdown of negotiations in the Middle East.

TRIALS

Big John Connally Acquitted

From the outset, the latest major trial brought by the Watergate special prosecutor's office had seemed to be a difficult undertaking at best. Chief Prosecutor Frank Tuerkheimer and the two other Government attorneys had to prove that John B. Connally—three times Governor of Texas, Secretary of the Treasury under Richard Nixon and a multimillionaire—had accepted a relatively modest \$10,000 gratuity from Associated Milk Producers, Inc., for urging Nixon to boost federal milk price supports in 1971. To back up that charge, the Government relied on tes-

courtroom, "he's running already."

During the three-week trial it was apparent that Connally was not the average defendant—a point underlined by the character witnesses who had been marshaled to testify in Connally's behalf. Among them were Lady Bird Johnson, the Rev. Billy Graham, World Bank President Robert McNamara, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan.

all large in their praise of the defendant. "Some folks don't like him," Lady Bird said, and after gales of laughter from courtroom spectators had subsided, she added, "but I don't think any of them doubt his integrity."

The jurors also had difficulty doubting it. More than most cases, this one came down to which of two men, Jacobsen and Connally, the jurors decided to believe. And despite some odd lapses in his memory, Connally proved to be the more credible. Jacobsen testified that Connally asked him for money shortly after the milk price support increase. The Associated Milk Producers' chief lobbyist, Bob Lilly, testified that he gave Jacobsen \$10,000 for Connally in April 1971. Jacobsen claimed that he turned the money over to Connally in two \$5,000 installments on May 14 and Sept. 24, 1971—both times in Connally's office at the Treasury Department.

When a federal grand jury and the Senate Watergate committee learned of the gift, Jacobsen said, he and Connally agreed that they

would say the money never left Jacobsen's safe-deposit box in an Austin, Texas, bank. In fact, they both testified before the grand jury and the Senate committee that Jacobsen offered the money to Connally for him to dispense to political candidates as he saw fit, but that Connally turned him down—a story that Connally has stuck to throughout. Jacobsen told the court that it was false. Rather, said Jacobsen, Connally gave him \$10,000 in a cigar box on Oct. 29, 1973, to place in the safe-deposit box. When Connally grew fearful that the money might not be old enough to have circulated in 1971, said Jacobsen, he gave Jacobsen a fresh \$10,000 to replace the first batch. The alleged transfer took place in an automobile in front of the Austin home of George Christian, a friend of both men.

When Connally took the stand in his own defense last week, his voice

sounded hollow, his complexion reddened, and on occasion he coughed nervously into his hand. But as Williams' examination went on, Connally relaxed and in most crucial particulars he handled himself reasonably well. Was it true or false, asked Williams, that Jacobsen gave him \$5,000 on May 14, 1971? "That is false, Mr. Williams. That is absolutely false," came the firm reply. A denial of the alleged Sept. 24 payoff followed. Then Williams asked if Connally ever passed Jacobsen \$10,000 in a cigar box and a few weeks later, gave him another \$10,000 in an automobile. Said Connally: "I did no such thing."

Under cross-examination by Tuerkheimer, Connally said that he misunderstood the time referred to when he failed to tell the federal grand jury about his Oct. 26 meeting with Jacobsen—even though his grand jury testimony took place only 19 days later. He insisted that the two men met only to consider a problem that a Connally client was having in securing a bank charter. Tuerkheimer also wanted to know why Connally told the grand jury that he saw Jacobsen only once during the fall of 1973, since logs introduced by the prosecution proved that he saw him a number of times. Connally said that he did not carefully check the record of his appointments before his grand jury and Watergate committee appearances. He never thought the investigation of him "would amount to a hill of beans." He took the matter lightly, he said, because he knew he had not done anything wrong.

Emotional Note. In his closing argument, Tuerkheimer admitted that the case contained no direct evidence corroborating Jacobsen, but "illegal payments to officials, when they do occur, do not occur in the presence of third-party witnesses." He insisted that "on every conceivable point where Jacobsen could be corroborated, he has been corroborated." In contrast to Tuerkheimer, Williams closed on an emotional note, with a direct attack on Jacobsen's credibility. Alternately lunging toward the jury box, clapping his hands, and whipping his glasses on and off, Williams asked "Have we reached that point in our society where scoundrels can escape punishment if only they inculpate others? If so, we should mark it well, that although today it is John Connally, tomorrow it may be you or me."

Melodramatic though Williams' appeal may have been, it worked. Connally is still not entirely free of trouble, but it appears that he soon will be. In pretrial motions Williams managed to have separated two perjury counts and one conspiracy count against his client, and the day after Big John's acquittal the special prosecutor's office went into court and moved to have the charges dismissed. Jacobsen is still awaiting sentencing on the charge of offering a gratuity to a public official. The maximum penalty for that offense is two years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.



JOHN CONNALLY & WIFE AFTER ACQUITTAL
Difficultly doubting his integrity.

timony by Attorney Jake Jacobsen. When seven charges of fraud against him in a Texas savings and loan scandal were dropped, he had agreed to testify against Connally and to plead guilty to one count of offering a gratuity to a public official.

Running Already. Last week, after some five hours' deliberation, a jury of four men and eight women (ten of them black) filed into U.S. District Judge George Hart's Washington courtroom to announce that they had found Connally not guilty—thus rejecting Jacobsen's claim that he gave Connally the money on behalf of the milk cooperative. With Defense Counsel Edward Bennett Williams at his side, Connally declared: "I've seen this system of ours work here today," and vowed to play some role in "our system of government" in the future. "Oh, oh," said a voice in the crowd around him outside the



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MASSACHUSETTS POSTER WARNING ABOUT NEW GUN LAW



GUN SUPPORTER AT CHICAGO HEARING

CRIME

Muzzling Handguns

With his customary bluntness, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley summed up his side of the argument: "It is the obligation of Government to prevent its citizens from being shot. It is the obligation of Government, therefore, to eliminate the handgun, as much as possible, from our society."

Daley was appearing as the lead-off witness at hearings on the need for stricter federal gun controls that were being held in Chicago last week by a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee. The mayor's views were hotly opposed by James Valentino Jr., president of the Illinois State Rifle Association: "The public wants anticrime laws, not antigun laws," said Valentino. "Protecting the citizens is not disarming them."

In rebuttal, Susan Sullivan, a member of the Chicago-based Committee for Handgun Control, told the Congressmen: "Seventy percent of the people want strong gun control. The people are plain outraged at the violence."

The testimony of Mrs. Sullivan and Mayor Daley obviously pleased Subcommittee Chairman John Conyers Jr., a liberal Democrat from Detroit. Conyers is convinced that effective gun control is an idea whose time is rapidly coming, if not already here. "I won't predict when," he said, "but the mood is for change. All the signs are on go."

Cheap Pistols. Behind the Judiciary Committee's drive for action on firearms is rapidly mounting evidence that the most recent federal gun-control law, passed in 1968, has been an abysmal failure. The proposal was fought so successfully by the National Rifle Association that the eventual law did little more than strengthen bookkeeping requirements for dealers and ban the importing of cheap pistols. Even that ban was undercut by permitting Americans to im-

port the parts for easily assembled "Saturday-night specials," short-barreled, cheaply made weapons that sell for \$25 or so and usually fire small-caliber bullets.

There are now an estimated 40 million handguns in the U.S., and the total is increasing by 2.5 million a year. The result has been carnage. Handguns are the weapons in more than half of the murders committed in the U.S. According to U.S. Attorney General Edward Levi, about one of every four aggravated assaults and one of every three robberies involves a pistol.

State and local laws have been as ineffective as the federal statutes. According to Levi, only two states—New York and Massachusetts—have "tough" gun-control statutes. The first case under Massachusetts' new law, which went into effect on April 1, was decided last week when Calvin Hebert, 18, was found guilty of carrying a rifle without a permit. If Hebert's appeal is turned down, he would be subject to the one-year mandatory jail sentence the new law imposes on all offenders, even transients with guns registered in states other than Massachusetts.

In the U.S. Congress, House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino is enthusiastically committed to reporting out a strong control bill, perhaps this summer or fall. Senator Edward Kennedy last week introduced a bill that would require the registration of all handguns, the licensing of all handgun owners, and an outright ban on Saturday-night specials. But any such bill in the Senate must get by Senator James Eastland, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Eastland comes from Mississippi, where possession of a firearm is looked upon as a natural right.

With pressure building up for some kind of change, the N.R.A. is quietly indicating that it might ease its opposition to curbs on ownership of some handguns. Fearing that the N.R.A. is

turning soft, freedom-of-the-gun hardliners have formed the National Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms. The committee argues that law-abiding Americans need guns to protect themselves against armed criminals. A startling bumper sticker displayed by some like-minded citizens: "I will give up my gun when they peel my cold dead fingers from around it."

POLITICS

Chasing New Hampshire

Like some north-woods bear coming out of hibernation, the small and inconspicuous state of New Hampshire lumbers into national consciousness every four years. By holding the first presidential primary election, the Granite State profitably plays host to the stumping candidates, as well as to the legions of campaign workers and newsmen that accompany them. And being No. 1 is a source of considerable local pride, much like Mardi Gras or the Indianapolis 500. "I like the idea of our New Hampshire primary," says William Loeb, archconservative publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader*, who estimates that the 1972 primary brought \$4 million into the state. "We have a good thing going and we don't feel like sharing it."

But sharing the limelight is just what New Hampshire will have to do if a band of bandwagoners in nearby Massachusetts gets its way. Led by Barney Frank, a savvy, voluble liberal Democratic State Representative, and Mark Shields, a former campaign adviser to Robert Kennedy and Edmund Muskie, the group plans to see to it that the Massachusetts primary is held the same day as New Hampshire's. The effect, of course, would be to blunt New Hampshire's political impact and to grab part of the first-in-the-nation hoopla.

Frank and Shields had hoped to set

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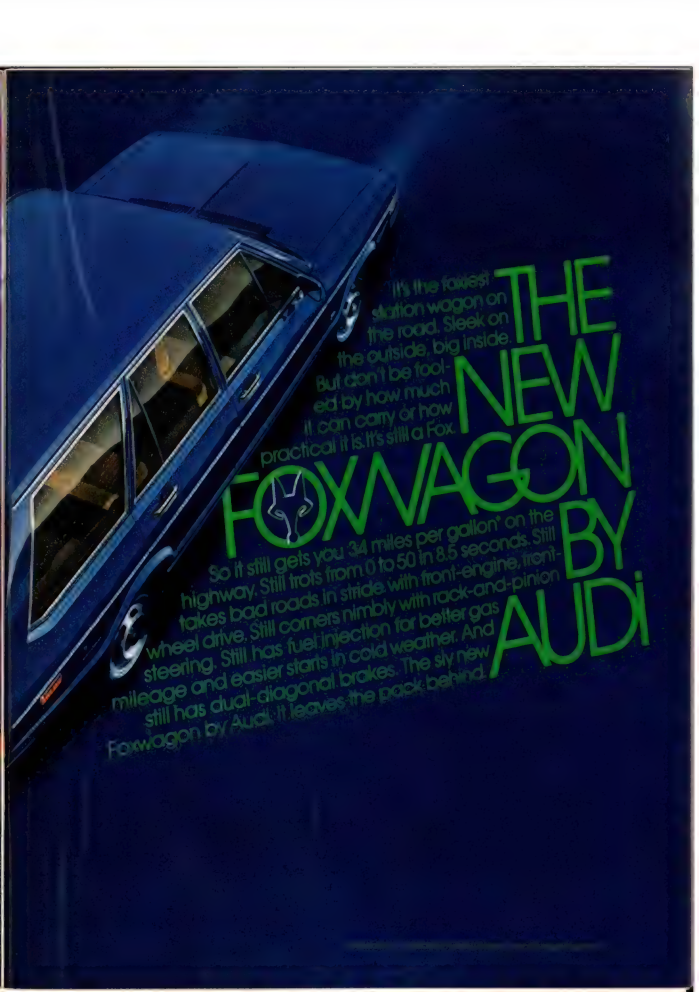
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up a regional New England primary, in which participating states all held their elections on the same day. But so far other states in the area seem unlikely to join in, and Massachusetts will probably be going it alone against New Hampshire. The regional primary idea, however, has managed to catch on elsewhere. Three states—Idaho, Nevada and Oregon—have all scheduled their primaries for May 25, 1976; Washington is expected soon to follow suit.

Backers of the New England regional plan argue that New Hampshire enjoys an influence it really does not deserve. Its Democratic party, though growing, is relatively small and weak. Its lack of large cities, sizeable racial minorities, and significant concentrations of organized labor make it rather unrepresentative of the nation as a whole. Since the results of the first primary are inevitably subjected to extensive interpretation, it would be better to tap the sentiment of a larger New England electorate.

The reformers further charge that New Hampshire's disproportionate effect on national politics is unduly shaped by Loeb, who controls the only statewide newspaper. In the past Loeb has successfully helped torpedo the candidacies of men he found distasteful—most notably, Edmund Muskie, whom he goaded to damaging tears during the 1972 primary—and has managed to force candidates to address issues he considers important. Says New Hampshire Liberal Democrat Walter Dunfee: "We ought to have the opportunity to have our candidates address national, not local issues. But Loeb bear-traps them."

Road Runner. Quite apart from the special case of New Hampshire, supporters of the regional primary think their idea can streamline a system that is growing increasingly unwieldy. There are already 30 primaries scheduled for next year—seven more than in 1972—and primaries to be held on the same day are often widely scattered. Says Barney Frank: "The way it is now, we ask the candidates to play transcontinental hotpotch from primary to primary. It's ridiculous. You have to be a road runner to run for the presidency." Establishing regional primaries would also ensure candidates' visiting more states than they might otherwise.

In their one-on-one battle to stay ahead of Massachusetts, New Hampshireers are having none of such arguments. New Hampshire Speaker of the House George Roberts plans to reconvene his lawmakers as late as December to push up primary day (now set for March 2) if need be. But the Massachusetts legislators meet the year round. They are sure they can keep in step with any precipitate moves New Hampshire makes, even, says State Senate President Kevin Harrington, "if we have to hold the primary between halves of the Rose Bowl."

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDY

The Woodsides of Rural Iowa

Ross and Iona Woodside last week were listening not only to the alarms of Gerald Ford on Indochina, but also to the first whispers of a tardy spring. It was clear that spring was more welcome. It will soon green the patch of Iowa prairie where they have lived and farmed for 64 years, bring the wild flowers to their slope of black soil with a quiet excitement that will dwarf Ford's perplexing insistence on more war in Southeast Asia.

He is one more President in their lives of 87 and 85 years, 67 of which they have been married. What Ford does will reach to their hillside as have the actions of the other 15 Presidents in their span. They will neither huzzah nor protest but go on about the enduring business of living, finding fulfillment in family, church and neighbors. They are not recluses or faddists. Their butter and soap come from the store. They worked the land, taught country school, and welcomed the automobile, hybrid corn and television. And what they had at any moment was always enough. The nearest interstate highway (30 miles) or urban shopping complex (80 miles) did not lure them away. They stayed—part of the enduring underpinning for the man on Pennsylvania Avenue.

She sang *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, and she carried the flag in her school when it paid tribute to the fallen William McKinley. The robust Teddy Roosevelt was part of her wedding, so to speak. At least he was in the White House, Ross did Wilson's bidding. One day in 1917 he harnessed up his team and climbed in the wagon and drove through the flooded Nodaway River to sign up for World War I conscription. They needed him more on the farm, it turned out.

Cal Coolidge was on his way to Washington when Iona froze her heels riding to town in a bobsled. She did not hold it against him. "I liked Coolidge," she says. "He didn't waste money and didn't waste any words."

She does not feel the same about Herbert Hoover, her fellow Iowan. "They are trying to put Hoover on a pedestal. He's not on my pedestal," she says. Hoover is still blamed for failing to help the farm economy. The Woodsides held on—even through 1934

when the weather brutalized the prairies. Ross got no hay, no corn, sold his few cattle to the Government. There was almost nothing—but there was a new President.

"Roosevelt gave us electricity," says Mrs. Woodside. "It changed our lives. I'll never forget it." She and her husband quietly cheered Harry Truman but were offended by his language. Ike was a "dear old man," but not a very good President as viewed from the Woodside corner. John Kennedy they liked immensely. Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon got a quick dismissal. So does Ford.

It is doubtful if Mrs. Woodside ever saw a real war protester, but she shares some of the same sentiment. Part of the reason is the war diary of her Uncle John. In it is a half-written letter. "It was full of joy and boyish hopes," she says. "He wrote about the letters he had got from girls, which girl he had chosen for his sweetheart. He never finished the letter. He was killed. Such a waste." That was in the Civil War. Her grandson was in Viet Nam.

Now Ford has had his say about the world and it sounds the same. The tragedy of people even so far away fills the Woodsides with profound sadness. But common sense possesses them too. The idea of more bombs, more guns, more killing sounds to them like putting off what is happening now to another day.

But the earth is warming. They will respond to that. Ross will cast a critical eye over the Angus cattle of his son. Up and down the road, families are doing things that Iona is recording in her short items written in longhand and posted in the mailbox to the local paper once a week. She will watch the hills now like a hawk. Some of them never have been touched by a plow, and the native flowers and grasses will magically appear. She will flash the news when she spies trillium or bloodroot or pink sweet William pushing up beneath the scrub oak trees. The deeply satisfying drama of renewal will have begun.

HUGH SIDY



ROSS & IONA WOODSIDE



PHALANGIST ROOFTOP SNIPERS FIRE AT FEDAYEEN IN NEARBY BEIRUT APARTMENT BUILDINGS

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Further Detours on the Road to Peace

Racked from within by deep-seated political and religious tensions and troubled from without by neighbors whose feuds overlap borders, Lebanon is something akin to a high-wire act in a hurricane. Last week without warning, it slipped. The result was a bloodbath.

For some still unexplained reason, a busload of Palestinian guerrillas drove into the east Beirut sector of Ain Rummaneh. That neighborhood happens to be a stronghold of a fiercely nationalist, right-wing and predominantly Maronite Christian party, the 75,000-member Phalange, whose private 6,000-member militia is the largest in the country. The Phalangists in the area apparently decided that the bus was a provocation, and their militia opened fire, killing 26 aboard the bus and wounding 19. That touched off a battle that raged for five days, embroiling much of Beirut. Before it was over, an estimated 150 people had been killed, and 300 more wounded.

The fighting underscored the complexity of problems and the fragility of peace in the area. So too last week, in the uneasy hiatus that has followed the collapse of Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy, did a number of other events.

► In Cairo, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat sacked his Premier and shuffled his Cabinet to calm domestic protests that threaten his position.

► In Jerusalem, Israelis rancorously debated the crisis in their special relationship with the U.S. in the aftermath of the Kissinger standoff.

► In Damascus, Syrian President Hafez Assad jailed perhaps 200 members of his own Baath Party amid dissident rumbles—including rumors of coup—against the longest-lasting government (4½ years) Syria has had since gaining independence in 1946.

Beirut's street battles were the week's most spectacular event. Cabled TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager from Beirut: "The fighting brought into the open old fears of sectarian feuding in a country whose delicate political structure is a tapestry of extraordinary complexity, based on an almost even division of Christians and Moslems in a population of 3.1 million. An unwritten national covenant gives Christians a slight political edge, as if to compensate for their fears of being absorbed by the Moslem majority around them." Under this arrangement, the President is always a Maronite Christian, the Premier a Sunni Moslem, the speaker of the unicameral parliament a Shi'a Moslem.

Many Lebanese consider the Palestinians a disruptive element in this balancing act. There are 320,000 of them in the country, 97,000 living in 16 refugee camps. Using the camps as training areas, fedayeen have frequently mounted forays across the border into Israel. The retaliatory raids that invariably follow have so far killed an estimated 130 Lebanese in border settlements and brought Israeli jets sonic-booming over Beirut itself.

The situation contributes to keeping

Lebanon in almost constant tension. Left-wing Lebanese believe that the country should do more to assist the Palestinians, despite its limited resources and mediocre 16,000-man army. Some rightists argue that the presence of armed fedayeen is a threat. The head of the Phalange, crusty Sheik Pierre Gemayel, 70, has characterized the fedayeen as "a state within a state" that has brought Lebanon "chaos."

Drastic Shakeup. Following last week's bus incident, the conflict quickly widened. Rooftop snipers kept Beirut off the streets and without fresh food (in some cases, without electricity and water as well) for five days. Battles were waged with automatic weapons, rockets and mortars. Shops, factories and filling stations, mostly owned by Phalangists, were blown up. Lebanese troops were withheld to prevent a repetition of the bloody army-fedayeen confrontation of May 1973. The battle abated only after Gemayel, in a dramatic bedside visit to President Suleiman Franjeh, who was recovering from gall-bladder surgery, agreed to turn in two Phalangists accused of opening fire on the bus.

In Egypt, Sadat's situation was nowhere as grave as Fellow Arab President Franjeh's, but the possibilities were enough to prompt a drastic government shake-up. Twice in recent months, Egyptians have rioted to protest sharply rising prices. The demonstrations were aimed not only at a 20% inflation rate but also at the sort of so-



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THE WORLD

cial inequity that allows engineers to earn only \$73 a month while opulent Cairenes regularly blow a comparable amount on dinner out. When the National Assembly demanded that the government approve wage increases for employees of state-owned companies, Premier Abdel Aziz Hegazi, 52, refused. The country, he said quite accurately, could not afford it.

Caesar and Cleopatra. Hegazi thus became a handy scapegoat (crowds chanted "Better a Nazi than Hegazi"), even though his "open door" policy has brought in long-range investments of \$3 billion since he took office last September. He was replaced by Interior Minister Mamduh Salem, 57, a tall, gray-haired bachelor who was head of President Gamal Abdel Nasser's personal security force and won Sadat's gratitude in 1971 by uncovering a coup attempt. Salem is not likely to score dramatic economic successes, although tolls from the Suez Canal may help if it reopens on schedule in June. Even so Sadat is hoping that the switch in Premiers will give him room to continue maneuvering toward his priority of an acceptable peace.

Egypt's President is pursuing foreign policy on two vastly different fronts. To pressure Israel into returning occupied territory, Sadat has insisted on no more than a three-month extension of the United Nations peace-keeping mandate in the Sinai when the present agreement expires on April 24. Last week the U.N. Security Council, over Israeli protests, acceded to his demand. Meanwhile Sadat and Libya's Muammar Gaddafi have reopened an old feud that erupted in 1973 after Egypt backed away from a union of the two countries. Gaddafi re-



ISRAEL'S NEW JET TAKES OFF NEAR TEL AVIV ON FIRST PUBLIC FLIGHT
In the midst of a crisis, one way to dispel gloom.

cently called President and Mrs. Sadat Egypt's "20th century Caesar and Cleopatra." Libya threatened to break relations last week after Sadat retaliated that Gaddafi was "100% sick and possessed by the Devil."

In Damascus, meanwhile, President Assad took harsher steps to gain maneuvering time. Assad is feeling pressure from neighboring Iraq, whose Baath (Renaissance) Party has long feuded with Syria's Baathists. As a result of Baghdad's successful peace moves with Iran, the Iraqis are now free to intensify the feud.

With this in mind, Assad had suspected party dissidents rounded up on the eve of last week's Sixth National Baath Party Congress. The tactic worked very well. Assad, already President of the Republic and Commander in Chief of the armed forces, was re-elected to the 21-man National Command of the Baath Party and to its secretary-generalship. That should give him a relatively free hand to pursue his

Dam, creating shortages for 3 million Iraqis. Exchanges over the situation have grown so heated that Syria has sealed the dam off and alerted troops to possible sabotage by Iraqi commandos.

At the same time, Assad's government apparently intends to improve still further its relations with the U.S. "Assad wants to play the American card," explains a Syrian official. "We need to become friends with the friends of our enemy. This will hurt our enemy." Assad is also cozying up to the enemies of his enemy. He has proposed a joint Syrian-Palestinian command and made himself the foremost champion of the fedayeen, moves that give him a strong bargaining hand in any negotiations about a peace settlement.

Somber Mood. The play is certainly not lost on the enemy. Despite a perfect day of cloudless skies, beckoning beaches and flowering fields, Israel marked its 27th Independence Day last week in a distinctly somber mood. Anxious about any change in their relations with the U.S., the Israelis sent Foreign Minister Yigal Allon on an American fund-raising tour, which, not incidentally, will enable him to evaluate Washington's "reassessment" of its Middle East policy. Already, the Ford Administration has decided to hold back on sales of the Lance surface-to-surface missile and the F-15 fighter—the world's most advanced combat aircraft—so as to pressure Israel to make peace and to limit Jerusalem's pre-emptive strike possibilities. Premier Yitzhak Rabin's government argues that such pressure will only encourage Arabs like Assad. Thus there was particular interest last week in the first public showing of the Kfir (Lion Cub), a home-built fighter that symbolizes Israel's determination to protect itself.

With its modified French Mirage airframe and an American J-79 engine, the delta-winged plane can fly at Mach 2.2 (1,460 m.p.h.). In the opinion of U.S. experts, it can outperform the Soviet MIG-23 at lower altitudes and has more effective weaponry. Best of all, the Kfir costs \$3.5 million to \$4 million, v. \$5 million for a completely equipped F-4 Phantom jet. The Israeli air force reportedly has ordered more than 200



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SOVIET UNION

A Plunge into Oblivion

Tacked on to the end of a long-winded account in *Pravda* of the latest Central Committee meeting was a laconic one-line communiqué: "Comrade A.N. Shelepin has been relieved of his position as a Politburo member at his request." Thus did Alexander Nikolayevich Shelepin, the Kremlin's star ascendant of the 1950s and '60s, plummet last week into the particular oblivion reserved for disgraced Soviet leaders. No one was fooled by the official contention that the most ambitious, the most artful and potentially the most powerful man in the U.S.S.R. had willingly relinquished his post in the ruling 16-member Politburo. Indeed, few doubted that he would soon be stripped of his other post as trade union chief.

Sovietologists agreed that the shake-up was highly significant—but of what? Some Western commentators jumped to the conclusion that it was a triumph for Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's middle-of-the-road policies at home and détente abroad as against Shelepin's supposedly hard-lining Stalinism. Actually, Shelepin has consistently praised Brezhnev not only for his "vast personal contribution" to economic and political cooperation with the West but also for his handling of key domestic issues.

A Mere Stripling. In Moscow, the consensus among foreign diplomats was that Shelepin's fall had not been caused by policy differences but by power politics. According to one scenario, Shelepin was caught organizing a faction that would have seized power when the ailing Brezhnev retired or died. Now Brezhnev can probably count on eight

votes, including his own, on issues that come before the 15 remaining Politburo members. This might enable him to engineer an orderly transfer of power at the 25th Party Congress that is scheduled to begin next February. Current favorite to succeed him, at least on an interim basis: Politburo Member Andrei Kirilenko, who like Brezhnev is 68 and reportedly ailing.

Whether or not Shelepin conspired to grab the U.S.S.R.'s top job, he has long been a formidable and potentially troublesome contender for it. At 56, Shelepin is a mere stripling in the ruling Soviet gerontocracy. He was the youngest member in the Politburo, where the average age is 66, and probably the healthiest. Moreover, as George Washington University Kremlinologist Carl Linden sees it, his impatient approach probably clashed with that of his cautious elders. "While Brezhnev and the other old men wanted to pursue glacial tactics, Shelepin was an activist, always looking for opportunities to shake things up in the world. He has probably favored pressing the Soviet advantage in Indochina, Portugal and the Middle East more actively than Brezhnev."

Shelepin's meteoric rise through the Communist Party apparatus under Stalin and Nikita Khrushchev showed him to be outstandingly adroit in cultivating useful political alliances and cutting through the ossified Soviet bureaucracy. He established a substantial power base as head of the Komsomol organization of young Communists and later as chief of the KGB, the Soviet secret police.

Some experts believe he helped Brezhnev engineer the conspiracy that ousted Khrushchev. At any rate, Shelepin was soon rewarded by a promotion to the Presidium (now the Polit-

THE WORLD

buro). Since 1965, however, while he remained a full Politburo member, he has always lurked in the antechambers of total power. His ambition and talent could hardly have pleased the Politburo majority.

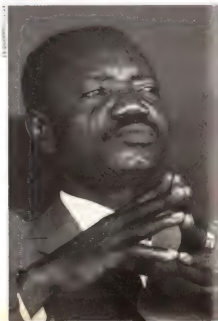
The deadly blow to Shelepin's aspirations followed a disastrous trip to Britain earlier this month (TIME, April 14). The guest of the British Trades Union Congress, he was characterized by the press as a secret police assassin, pelted by demonstrators with bricks and umbrellas and snubbed by the Labor Government. Some observers speculated last week that Shelepin's enemies in the Kremlin might have deliberately thrust him into a situation that was bound to discredit him publicly. As one authoritative Western intelligence report has it, the Soviet leadership met in special session the very day Shelepin returned to Moscow. According to the report, his flight was conveniently an hour too late for him to join in the decision that he would "voluntarily" resign.

CHAD

Death of a Dictator

During 15 years of harsh and eccentric rule, President Ngarta Tombalbaye of Chad survived at least seven major assassination attempts. Last week his luck ran out. In a surprise sunrise attack, uniformed soldiers and police, led by General Mbailai Odingar, acting commander of Chad's 4,000-man army, stormed the white-walled presidential palace in Ndjamena, capital of this Central African nation. Tombalbaye's death was announced over national radio, and General Odingar claimed that the armed forces had "exercised their responsibilities before God and the nation." Almost immediately, thousands of

PRESIDENT TOMBALBAYE IN 1971



brightly swathed men and women poured into the dusty streets of the sun-scorched city, singing, dancing and joyfully chanting. "Tombalbaye is dead."

A former schoolteacher and union leader, Tombalbaye entered politics in 1947 and became Chad's head of state when it gained independence in 1960 after 47 years of French colonial rule. Several months later the dictatorial Tombalbaye merged the main opposition party into his own Progressives—a move that allowed him to be elected President without opposition in 1962.

Despite his ruthless oppression of political opponents, Tombalbaye was never able to gain complete control of Chad, a country torn by traditional religious and tribal animosities. Starting in 1965 and later with the support of the French Foreign Legion, Tombalbaye fought a guerrilla war against the Moslem rebels from his country's northern and eastern desert regions. The Moslems, who constitute 52% of the population, resented the political dominance that Tombalbaye gave to the Bantu tribesmen of Chad's tropical south.

Mock Burial. More recently, Tombalbaye's opposition has come from fellow Bantu military officers and members of his own party as well. In 1973 General Felix Malloum, then commander in chief of the army, was arrested for allegedly conspiring to overthrow Tombalbaye. Early this year Mrs. Kaltouma Guembang, former head of the Progressive Party's women's wing, was tried for attempting to kill the President by witchcraft. She allegedly hired wizards to pierce the eyes of a black sheep—symbolizing Tombalbaye—and bury it alive. The movement to oust Tombalbaye gained momentum last summer when, as part of an authenticity campaign called Chaditude, he ordered all high government officials, civil servants and military officers to undergo Yondo, a sometimes fatal initiation ritual. The ordeal, which Tombalbaye himself underwent as an adolescent, is known to involve flogging, facial scarring, drugging and mock burial (TIME, Nov. 18).

After last week's coup, Malloum was released from prison and named President of a nine-man Supreme Military Council that will administer Chad until a provisional government can be formed. Chad thus became the 18th of 37 black African nations to fall under military rule. The junta immediately suspended Tombalbaye's 1962 constitution, banned all political parties and arrested eight of the President's top aides. In a midnight radio address, Malloum promised to bring economic and social reform to Chad. Few countries are in greater need of improvement. More than three times the size of California, Chad has only 150 miles of paved highway and no railroad. Its cotton and cattle economy has been ravaged by six years of drought, and the per capita income of its 4 million citizens averages less than \$80 a year.

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Bloody Truce

McAnoy (suddenly as a result of an explosion) Agnes, dearly beloved wife of the late Daniel McAnoy. Sacred heart of Jesus have mercy on her soul.

—Death notice in the *Irish News*, a Catholic newspaper in Belfast

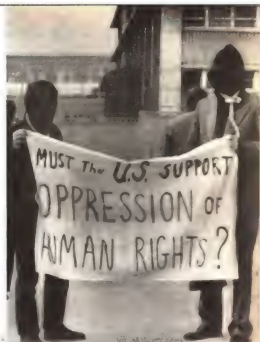
They buried Agnes McAnoy, 62, widow and mother of three, in Belfast last week. And Molly McAleavy, 57, mother of eleven. And Marie Bennett, 42, mother of seven. And Arthur Penn, 33, father of three. And Elizabeth Carson, 64, whose husband Willy lost an arm. Pathetic lines of mourners wept after the requiem at the Catholic Church of St. Matthew, half a mile from where the attackers had tossed a bomb into the crowded Strand bar in East Belfast.

A Protestant extremist group, the Young Militants—an obscure offshoot of larger paramilitary groups—claimed responsibility for the Strand bar blast. The carnage took Ulster past another grisly milestone: 1,206 dead, including 866 civilians, since 1968, when Catholics began demonstrating for equal rights. This month alone there have been 119 shootings and bombings, with 21 killed and 170 injured.

The sectarian violence—the worst in more than a year—has occurred despite a ten-week truce between the militant Provisional Irish Republican Army or Provos and the British army. It comes as an ill-timed blow to Merlyn Rees, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, who is attempting to restart a political dialogue. On May 1, elections are scheduled for a 78-seat convention whose members are to work out a new government for Ulster's 1 million Protestants and 500,000 Catholics.

Questioned Policy. Although the bullets and bombs are rarely aimed at British troops these days (233 have been killed in Ulster but only one this year), British Army Commander Lieut. General Sir Frank King has openly questioned Rees' policy of releasing I.R.A. suspects detained without trial (230 out of 576 internees have been sprung). While this policy is the key to the truce, a British officer said last week: "We have always been cynical about it. The Provos will maintain the cease-fire to get as many of their men released as possible and then start again after the elections. By now they are all well rested, well fed and well trained."

The Provos' conduct in the campaign adds to that suspicion; they are urging a Catholic boycott. As a result, there is doubt that the new convention will work any better than the "power-sharing" coalition that broke down last June. One housewife in Belfast asked last week, "If this is a cease-fire, what's war?" Should the new convention collapse and the fragile truce break down completely, she may find out.



U.S. MISSIONARIES PROTEST HANGINGS IN SEOUL

SOUTH KOREA

Eastern "Modifications"

South Korea's President Park Chung Hee has long maintained that Western-style democracy could only work in South Korea with certain Eastern "modifications." In recent weeks Park has given a graphic demonstration of what he means. After a brief period of relaxation during which some 148 political prisoners were released, repression has returned with a vengeance.

The crackdown began with the public hanging two weeks ago of eight South Koreans convicted of being Communists. Last year a military court sentenced the men to death for having conspired to overthrow the government by encouraging anti-Park demonstrations. Early this month the supreme court upheld the sentences; less than 24 hours later the men were executed.

At the same time, Park bore down on the chief centers of resistance to his government: the churches and universities. Three of Seoul's best-known Protestant ministers were arrested on vague charges of "misusing" some monetary contributions from West Germany. (Seven U.S. missionaries who donned hoods and nooses to protest the hangings were questioned by officials but later released.) Two dozen colleges and universities in and around Seoul were closed, and more than 200 students were arrested for urging Park's downfall. One student committed suicide by disemboweling himself on the campus of Seoul National University. He left behind a note to the President: "Do not mistake the silence of the masses as support for your regime."

The latest repressive measures re-

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Frequently, Pulsar is more accurate than the time sources used by your local telephone company, radio stations, or television stations. For this reason, the Pulsar directions folder lists worldwide time stations that carry time signals precise enough to permit you to check the accuracy of your Pulsar.

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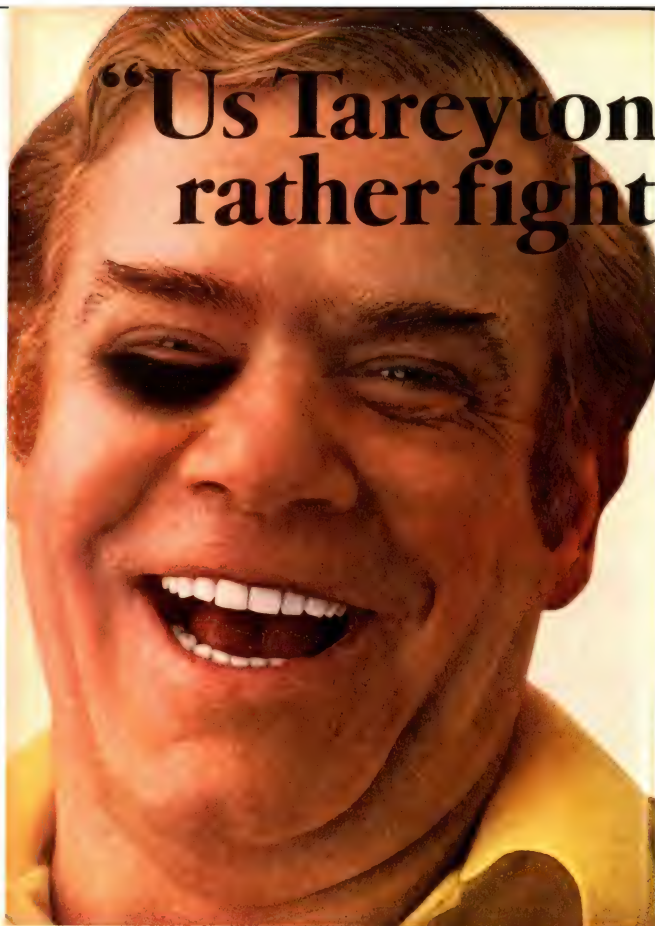


For her. Left to right: stainless steel case with black suede strap, \$285, 14 kt. gold-filled case with black suede strap, \$395, 14 kt. gold-filled case with matching bracelet, \$395. Other ladies models up to \$2750. Shown $\frac{1}{2}$ actual size.



For him. 14 kt. gold-filled case with matching bracelet, \$395. Stainless steel case with matching bracelet, \$395. Other models very modestly priced from \$265 to \$2500. Shown actual size.

**“Us Tareyton
rather fight**



smokers would than switch!"



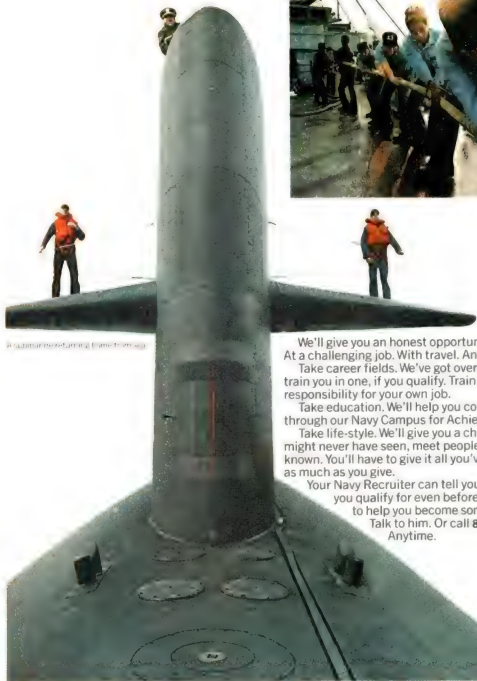
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**The
Spirit
of '76**

BUILD YOUR FUTURE ON A
PROUD TRADITION

flect new elements of uncertainty within the Park government. South Korea was genuinely shocked that the U.S. did not intervene to prevent the collapse of South Viet Nam and Cambodia. Even though the U.S. still maintains 40,000 troops and keeps tactical nuclear weapons in the country for defense against a possible invasion, there is concern over the strength of the American commitment. Moreover, since 1971 the U.S. has given only \$792 million of a promised \$1.5 billion for modernizing Seoul's armed forces.

Beyond that there have been some unsettling encounters with the often jingoistic, saber-rattling North. Last month firefights broke out when two flotillas of North Korean patrol boats ventured along the South's coastline. Then, adding credence to the South Korean claim that the North's President Kim Il Sung is bent on aggression, two tunnels, apparently intended for use by North Korean guerrillas, were discovered in the southern half of the demilitarized zone that separates the two countries. Last week Park warned anew of an invasion by the North's 480,000-man army (the South's army totals 600,000) pointing out that Kim Il Sung was about to fly to Peking, where he is expected to ask for arms aid.

Acute Shortages. To dissidents in the South, Park's warnings are only an excuse to repress political activity. Said Kim Young Sam, 48, leader of the opposition Democratic Party: "Essentially, President Park's claim of an imminent military threat from the North is a subterfuge for ensuring the longevity of his regime." Kim Young Sam's judgment could land him a seven-year prison sentence under a law that forbids "slandering or libelous remarks against the state" to foreign media. Yet many members of the Seoul establishment privately agree with him.

U.S. analysts also tend to minimize the likelihood of a North Korean military adventure. President Kim's economic policy has suffered from acute shortages of foreign currency. Furthermore, China, which would have to aid Kim in any invasion of the South, clearly does not want a costly war. It would not only tax the Chinese economy but would give the hated Soviets a chance to increase their influence in East Asia.

These arguments are clearly lost on Park, even though he is well aware that exactly 15 years ago last week massive student protests forced the overthrow of the dictatorial Syngman Rhee. Park might well strengthen his position by permitting some political liberalization. Most of the country's dissidents are strongly anti-Communist and ready to fight off a North Korean invasion. Sadly, members of Park's ruling Democratic Republican Party last week began debating still another addition to the country's internal security system: a new law that would impose stiff penalties on "ideological criminals."

ARGENTINA

A Muted "Si" for Isabel

Since she took office after the death of her husband last July, Argentina's President Isabel Perón has been bedeviled by leftist guerrillas, rightist extremists, angry farmers and restive labor unions. Lately her government has seemed on the verge of foundering. Some diplomatic observers have even predicted a military takeover. Yet last week Mrs. Perón received an unexpected vote of confidence.

Elections for a new provincial government—the first balloting of any kind since Juan Perón died—were held in the rural northeastern province of Misiones. Local issues figured too strongly to make the contest an accurate gauge of the President's nationwide support. Still, the Misiones vote was billed as a sort of referendum on her leadership. Several leftist groups banded together to form the Authentic Party. Running on a virulently anti-Isabel platform, the Authentics drew impressively large crowds to their campaign rallies and there were predictions of an electoral debacle for Mrs. Perón's right-of-center Justicialist Party. When the results were in, the Justicialists had polled 74,326 votes, the moderate Radical Civic Union 62,767 and the leftist coalition a meager 15,244.

A columnist in the Buenos Aires daily *La Opinión* observed: "The extreme positions and the truculent folklore of the far left serve more to attract young people who are out to frighten their aunts than to win big popular majorities." The losers saw it differently and charged the government with vote buying. José López Rega, Mrs. Perón's private secretary and Social Welfare Minister, did visit the province shortly before the election to distribute nearly \$5 million worth of housing subsidies.

Classified Ads. Bought or not, the victory fostered at least the illusion of stability for Mrs. Perón's government at a troublesome time. With almost meteoric precision, right- and left-wing extremists are assassinating their enemies at the rate of about one every 16 hours. Since July, political violence has claimed nearly 400 lives. Newspapers have begun to run classified ads asking the whereabouts of scores of people who have simply disappeared from campuses, homes or offices. There is concern in Washington that left-wing terrorists may use the occasion of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's visit this week to embarrass President Perón by kidnapping or even assassinating her guest.

Since November, Argentina has been under an official "state of siege." In February, the army ended its two-year hibernation in barracks by deploying some 3,500 soldiers to scour the northwestern jungles of Tucumán province for leftist guerrillas. The government's muscle flexing has not been limited to terrorists. Five moderately left-wing provin-

cial governors have been removed from office by executive decree. The universities have been purged of thousands of dissident professors. Steelworkers at Villa Constitución, the industrial center north of Buenos Aires, have been on strike for four weeks to protest the arrest of 30 left-wing union leaders.

While the government has tried to purchase political stability at the price of repression, it has been unable to do much about the country's economy. Since early 1974, the annual rate of inflation has risen from 20% to more than 60%. Foreign reserves have shrunk from an estimated \$2 billion to half that amount. In the past three months, the estimated budget deficit for 1975 has already doubled to \$2.4 billion. The pre-

GO. DEPERE—TYSON



PERÓN ADDRESSING WORKERS
Few aunts were frightened.

capitous economic decline stems largely from a crisis that has overtaken agriculture. For decades, heavy taxes and price controls on farm produce have subsidized the country's industrial growth and provided pay hikes for unionized urban workers—the *descamisados* or "shirtless ones" who are the backbone of the Peronist movement. But the farmers, increasingly reluctant to sell grain and cattle at artificially low prices, are beginning to curtail production.

Despite the chaos, Isabel Perón is determined to maintain her grip on the presidency. In an address to the General Confederation of Labor earlier this month, she said: "I am a fragile-looking woman, but I have a will of iron, and there is nobody and nothing that can deflect me from the course we have charted for the country."

COVER STORY

Jimmy Connors: The Hellion

The best show in men's tennis in recent weeks opened beside the pool at the exclusive Beverly Hills Tennis Club. The world's No. 1 player was nursing a sprained ankle, but the injury did not stop him from uninhibitedly demonstrating a self-choreographed twist-and-shake step he calls "Soul Train." Nor did the sedate surroundings squelch his urge to sing a few bars from the rock song *Philadelphia Freedom* in an uncertain tenor or to entertain the club's teenagers with raunchy jokes. James Scott Connors, 22 going on 19, was taking his own kind of time-out from training for this Saturday's televised million-dollar

heart attack. Jimmy checked into Marina Mercy Hospital in Marina del Rey arriving in a disguise to avoid autograph hunters. Some Washington, D.C., tennis fans who were expecting to see him play in a tournament there charged that he was faking. After all, Connors had pulled out of other tournaments this year with vague ills. Jimmy did not end the skepticism when he passed the time waiting for test results (which proved negative) by practicing tennis and repeatedly pratfalling as he clutched his chest and screamed, "Oh, my heart, my heart!"

Connors saved his lowest comedy for

anger and unsportsmanlike conduct, but James Connors has taken the art of on-court temperament to new heights—or depths. Given an audience, Connors can seldom resist the temptation to ham. Occasionally he loses control and crosses the boundary of mischief into malice. When that happens, usually at a lull moment in a match, Connors can explode in one of the self-indulgent tantrums that have earned him his reputation as the world's reigning Tennis Brat and Bad Boy. Much of the time, though, off the court as well as on he is simply a friendly, uninhibited urchin.

"I like my image," Connors says. "It's me." He has good reason to be pleased with himself: taking the starch out of tennis has proved to be highly profitable. His income this year could reach \$1 million, with only a quarter of that coming from tournament winnings—at a time when tennis has busted out of its country-club cocoon to become one of the nation's most popular spectator and participant sports with an estimated 34 million players. Jimmy Connors, the hellion of tennis, has become a leader and symbol of the upheaval.

This Saturday he hits the richest pay dirt in tennis history—the battle with Newcombe at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Encouraged by the success of last February's nationally televised winner-take-all match between Connors and Rod Laver (which Jimmy won by a score of 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5), CBS is paying \$600,000 for the rights to broadcast live this second "Heavyweight Championship of Tennis." Caesars Palace is adding a purse of \$250,000 plus \$50,000 for expenses. The sale of foreign broadcast rights should yield another \$100,000. The approximate payoff: the winner \$400,000, the loser \$250,000 and the promoter (Connors' manager Bill Riordan) \$300,000.

Though Connors, a lefty, took 14 of the 20 tournaments he played in last year, including Wimbledon and Forest Hills, many fans still consider Newcombe the world's premier player. Newcombe, 30, has won Wimbledon three times (1967, '70, '71) and Forest Hills twice (1967, '73). Moreover, he beat Connors in both of the tournament matches that the two have played, including the tightly contested final of the Australian Open earlier this year.

Newcombe's two victories over Connors came on grass, a fast surface suited to his serve-and-volley power game. The Las Vegas match will be on a slow-



CONNORS WINDING UP TO ROCKET A BACKHAND EN ROUTE TO WINNING FOREST HILLS
Pounding down an opponent with jackhammer force.

match with the world's No. 2 player, Australian John Newcombe.

From Beverly Hills he flew off to Las Vegas for a day to consult with Songwriter-Singer Paul Anka, who has co-lected a ditty called *I Believe There's Nothing Stronger Than Our Love*, about Jimmy Connors' revived romance with the First Lady of Tennis, Chris Evert, 20. Connors, who has never sung professionally, will record the song himself. After meeting with Anka, Connors hopped back to Los Angeles to greet Evert, who had just jetted in from Philadelphia for a tournament.

The reunion was going fine until Connors had a sudden onset of chest pains and thought he had suffered a

last. On a rainy afternoon at an old Hollywood sound stage turned indoor court the 1974 Wimbledon and Forest Hills champion missed a shot during practice and unabashedly yanked down the seat of his pants before half a dozen wide-eyed watchers.

By now, tennis fans are used to such antics. Ever since the young man with the impish grin, two-fisted backhand and high-octane temper burst into pro tennis three years ago, the keepers of decorum have been alternating between disgust at his behavior and admiration for his play. Rumania's Ilie ("Nasty") Nastase, of course, has for years been notorious for his displays of

of Tennis

er synthetic surface, but Newcombe seems too strong to be seriously handicapped by a dull court. When he is pent up, Newcombe lets go with the toughest serve in tennis, and no one has a more murderous volley.

He is also a brilliant tactician, capable of the drop shots and lobs that make for a varied pace of play. He expects that hard-soft mix to be a telling weapon against Connors. "This will be a mental battle," Newcombe says. "I won't be offensive all the time. I'll stay back and slow-ball him sometimes and let him make the mistakes."

Connors has his own weapons. At 5 ft. 10 in., 150 lbs., he cannot match the brawn of Newcombe (6 ft., 173 lbs.), but he has the most consistent, well-rounded attack in tennis. His game is built on quickness, conditioning and a savagely total concentration. Blessed with stamina, fast reflexes and a long-distance vision that allows him to read the ball's direction of flight the instant it leaves his opponent's racket, Connors will return shots others cannot reach.

I don't like the ball," he says. "I don't like that little thing coming back over the net." To keep it away, Connors hits every shot, especially his two-fisted backhand, with jackhammer force, pounding down an opponent with his nonstop attack. Small-bodied, he gets his power from outsize muscular shoulders and a swing calibrated to bang the ball on the rise, a technique first taught him by his mother, Gloria, and later stressed by Pancho Segura, the wily pro who has been Connors' instructor for the past six years. "Never let a ball come to you" is Segura's First Law. Charge the ball, he insists, lean into it and meet it on the rise. That attack tactic maximizes power and control and allows the player to move toward the net after the shot.

"Jimmy is the closest thing we have to a complete player," says Segura. "He can do everything." Most pros agree. Says Marty Riessen: "Jimmy has oodles of talent." While Connors lacks Newcombe's power serve (in fact, Jimmy's serve is the weakest part of his game), he is a master of approach shots, top-spin lobs and overhead smashes. But the keys to his game are his ground strokes, particularly service returns. "When Jimmy gets grooved returning serves, he's really dangerous," says Stan Smith, co-ranked No. 1 with Connors last year. Tennis experts agree that Connors' chances against Newcombe depend on his counter to the Australian's serve

Like Newcombe, Connors is adept at mixing strokes. "When a guy's playing Jimmy," says Pancho, "he doesn't know what to expect. Jimmy will stay back and play base line, then rush the net. He can lob you or beat you down the alley with a winner. He's impossible to predict." Much of the credit for that unpredictability belongs to Segura, a Clausewitz of subtle shots and stratagems. As a small player who uses a two-handed forehand, Segura is in many ways the perfect teacher for Connors. Before all of Connors' big matches, he and Pancho, currently teaching pro at La Costa, a resort north of San Diego, review the opponent's style and prepare a game plan. "I tell him how to beat these guys," says Segura.

Segura and Connors concentrate on such nuances as playing percentages and angles. "My first instinct is to hit the hell out of the ball," says Connors. "I'm

down his throat. I did. And I'd say, 'See, Jimmy, even your mother will do that to you.'" Connors learned well. "No one's ever given me anything on the court," he says. "Maybe that's one reason I prefer singles. It's just me and you. When I win, I don't have to congratulate anyone. When I lose, I don't have to blame anyone."

In a match, Jimmy can become a man possessed. He yells at himself, flouts insults and makes gestures at hecklers. Sometimes he will slow play by bouncing the ball ten or twelve times before he serves. Last year he even leaped into the stands to go after a boisterous fan. What the public does not see or hear can be just as livid. As spectators in Las Vegas gave Rod Laver a standing ovation before their February match, Connors was standing next to Segura, his mother and Evert, howling back obscenity after obscenity



HIS EYES LOCKED ON THE BALL, NEWCOMBE WHACKS A BACKHAND RETURN
Too strong to be seriously handicapped by a dull court.

still learning to control that. If you're serving down 30-40, you don't play like it's 40-love. You just try to get the first serve in." On taking advantage of angles, Connors says, "You've got to use the open court. If my opponent and I are both at the base line, I'm going to hit cross court to his backhand, and if he hits back to my forehand, I'll go down the line. If he returns that, my next shot might be a short, top-spin drive back across court. That way I've always got him running."

Connors tops these tactics and skills with a pitiless competitive instinct. "Jimmy was taught to be a tiger on the court," says his tigress mother. "When he was young, if I had a shot I could hit

Why does he do it? "I play tennis for two reasons," says Connors. "I like to hit balls, and I like to entertain. My behavior gets people involved, and I think that's what the game needs." As the bad guy, Connors believes that "people pay to see me get beaten."

Not all of the outbursts are calculated. "He's two completely different people on and off the court," says Evert. "The madder he gets, the better he plays. Jimmy can't beat someone he likes. He has to hate the person he's playing." Connors admits that he thrives on antagonism. "I like to have fans against me," he says. "I want to do everything I can to get them against me more. When they're yelling at me, I really get



CONNORS' THEATRICALS: MARCHING AND CLOWNING AT FOREST HILLS, COMPLAINING IN ARIZONA, MUGGING IN NEW YORK
Starting to separate the people who are for him from the people who are using him.

into the match. I guess I'm trying to show them that no matter how much they hate me, they have to respect the way I play."

Frequently, Connors adds, his tensions produce unintentional outbursts. "I'm hot, I'm thirsty, I'm tired, and I hear people yelling at me, and I crack. I'm so intense and tightly strung I sometimes don't know what I'm doing. Afterward I have to laugh at myself."

Not surprisingly, Connors has alienated most of his fellow pros. "He ain't one of the boys," says Arthur Ashe. "Right now he's sorely misguided. We hardly say hello." As a group, the world's top players are almost unanimously for Newcombe. "Never will I root so hard for an Australian to beat an American," admits one U.S. player. Their dislike for Connors is based only in part on his court behavior. They also resent the ways in which he has thumbed his nose at the tennis establishment. Items

- He has refused to play on the U.S. Davis Cup team for the past two years on the grounds that it is selected and managed unfairly; without him the squad lost embarrassing early-round matches to Colombia and Mexico

- He has played on a small winter indoor circuit run by his manager Bill Riordan, refusing to join most of the pros on the big-time World Championship Tennis (W.C.T.) tour

- He has hit directors of the Association of Tennis Professionals (A.T.P.): the players' union he has refused to join with a \$41 million lawsuit. It charges that leaders of the A.T.P. violated antitrust laws by allegedly conspiring with organizers of the French Open to bar Connors and others from that tournament because they were not playing regularly on the European summer circuit

When Connors was barred from the French Open in 1974, he lost the chance to become only the third male player (Don Budge and Laver were the others) to win the tennis Grand Slam, which includes Wimbledon, Forest Hills and the Australian Open as well as the French Open. Late last week in an unrelated action, A.T.P. Director Jack Kramer filed a \$3 million suit against Connors and Riordan accusing them of making "defamatory" statements about him.

Connors explains that he believes in open tennis: that is, not allowing any one group to dominate the sport. On the Davis Cup issue, for example, he says: "I think having one or two persons running the show and saying who will and will not play is wrong. I think there should be play-offs to select the team members." Cup officials say Jimmy is miffed because three years ago he was passed over as a singles player.

Connors' rationale is at best only half the story. The main reason for his war with establishment tennis is Manager Riordan. A former boxing promoter and menswear salesman, Riordan, 55, directed the indoor circuit for the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association until 1973. That year the U.S.L.T.A. cut back its winter indoor tour to make way for the W.C.T. Riordan, who was dismissed, demanded that the U.S.L.T.A. allow him to stay in business at least as an independent promoter managing what was left of the Association's old indoor tour plus other tournaments he could organize. Eventually, they reluctantly agreed.

Enter Connors, one of the hottest amateurs, winner of the national collegiate singles championship as a freshman at U.C.I.A. Riordan was recom-

mended to Connors by Jimmy's grandmother, Bertha Thompson, herself a former pro, and Connors quickly signed to play professionally for him. "I told Jimmy," recalls Riordan, "if you want to be No. 2 in one of the W.C.T. groups, you'll be a nonentity. But if you want to be the best-known tennis player in the world, come with me." Connors says he felt he would get more experience on the less glamorous tour because "I wouldn't get knocked out in the first round by guys like Laver."

Even playing frequently against second-raters, Connors got the experience to develop. Suddenly Riordan had the hottest property in tennis. "It's Connors who controls the destiny of the sport," says Riordan with grandeur. "Connors' enemies are at his feet."

Connors now sounds less enthusiastic about Riordan than Riordan does about Connors. Though Jimmy praises the promoter for giving him a start and respects Riordan's fight for independence in tennis, there are signs that he may be going his own way. "It's coming to the point where I have to look out for myself," Jimmy says. "Bill's been great with me in the past, but I've produced for him too." Riordan does not see a split developing. "Jimmy doesn't make a move without me," he says. Last week Connors entered his first W.C.T. tournament in Denver to get a taste of top competition before the Newcombe match. By the weekend he was headed into the semi-finals.

Chris Evert senses Connors' growing independence. "Before, he was being told what to say to the press," says Chris. "Now he's making an effort to look into what's going on, say with the A.T.P. He's starting to separate the people who are for him from the people

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who are using him. He's really starting to know himself," she says. "He's thinking about the future, not just about the next tournament."

A lot more people might be for him if they knew Connors off the court. Marty Riessen recalls: "Jimmy spent a night at my house in 1973. It was very pleasant. I could like him. He's a nice kid, but I can't get to him. None of us can. He's covered up by his mother and his manager." Evert, a more partisan observer, adds: "Inside Jimmy is a very gentle person. To outsiders, he's harder because he's been hurt by the press and crowds. There's no one he tells everything to, but in that 10% that he keeps to himself, I know it hurts him to be disliked. I can feel it."

Though he often still travels with his mother (while in Los Angeles, they share a modest two-bedroom apartment) and checks with her to see when his favorite dinners of short-rib stew or chicken-fried steak will be ready, he does not let her protective mantle smother him. Connors' father never joins his wife and son on their trips. In Los Angeles, Connors can usually be found at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, unbending with Spencer Segura, Pancho's son and Connors' longtime friend, by playing endless games of relaxed tennis and backgammon and downing gallons of Coke.

When Connors and Segura get bored, they roar off in Jimmy's bright green 1973 Porsche, sometimes cruising the streets of Westwood admiring the co-eds at U.C.L.A. Last month they also toured the canyons of Beverly Hills, checking houses for Connors to buy.

When alone, Connors may drive to the beach at Santa Monica. "It's peaceful," he says. "I just like to sit there and think about when I should play my next tournament or what I should do after this year." Connors admits to moments of loneliness. "It's usually when I'm playing some tournament," he says. "I get depressed when I go back to my room and no one's there. I start missing places and get memories about happier times. My mind wanders to Chrissie."

Connors may not mope much long-

er. "I think I've found the right girl," he says. "When things are right—which may be soon—we'll settle down." After calling off their nationally ballyhooed engagement last fall, Connors and Evert decided not to talk to each other for four months. "We needed to find out if we really wanted to be with each other," says Jimmy. "I wasn't very happy, and she wasn't very happy. Since we got back together, we're working things out a lot better. I guess we're much more honest." Chris seems to agree. "I was going out of my mind," she remembers. "Every morning I'd read the paper to see how he was doing. It was a very unhappy time for me, but it was good for us."

These days the two spend all their time together when they are in the same city, which is about one week in four. Around his neck Jimmy wears a gold charm spelling "SUPER" that Chris gave him, while Chris wears a "J.C." charm from Jimmy. In Los Angeles, they act like any young couple in love—hugging, holding hands, dancing at parties, and skipping the conspicuous consumption they could easily afford (last year Chris earned \$197,000 and Jimmy \$285,000 in prize money alone). When they play tennis together—a rare occurrence—it is merely a relaxed practice session. They do team up for mixed doubles matches occasionally, though Jimmy says he hates to hit balls hard at young women.

Connors grew up in East St. Louis and Belleville, Ill., the son of a toll booth manager on what is now called the Martin Luther King bridge, which spans the Mississippi River at St. Louis. James Connors Sr., though, was never the main influence in Jimmy's life, and the two appear to have an uneasy relationship. It was Jimmy's mother, a tournament player and teaching pro, who began tossing tennis balls at Connors when he was three. "I started him as soon as he could walk pretty well," recalls Gloria, still in her perky 40s. "Jimmy took to tennis like it was part of him," she says. "He had his game together by the time he was five." By the time he was ten, Connors had won his first tournament, the Southern Illinois for players ten years old and under.

When he was 16, Jimmy enrolled at Rexford High, a private school in Beverly Hills, and started taking lessons from Pancho Segura, then pro at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. To help pay his way, Jimmy's mother temporarily moved to L.A. to teach tennis herself. "Everyone said Jimmy was too small," remembers Segura. Undaunted, Segura began passing on his knowledge about technique, tactics and strategy, and at the club he and Connors would often pore over improvised diagrams that Pancho drew on paper table napkins.

In 1970 Connors went to U.C.L.A. where he promptly won the N.C.A.A. singles title. Impatient with school and amateur tennis, he dropped out to turn pro in January 1972. "I have no regrets," he says. "I can always go back, but I might never win Wimbledon again."

Jimmy Connors might very well win Wimbledon again—and again. But with his eye on Chris and the prospects of marriage and a family, he says, "I don't want to be playing a heavy competitive schedule that much longer. I'd like to build my own tennis club and teach my kids. Tennis has been my whole life, but it can't be in the future. And anyway, what am I talking about? I'm gonna be a great singer!"

JIMMY & CHRIS DANCE IN L.A.



CONNORS WITH HIS MOTHER GLORIA

RIORDAN & CONNORS IN HOTEL HUDDLE





BEN GAZZARA WITH AL CAPONE'S CADDY

"I'm all for being spoiled, and that car is a treat to ride around in," allowed Actor **Ben Gazzara** after driving to the Chicago premiere of *Capone* in Big Al's own Cadillac limousine. The six-ton, bulletproof car, built in 1928 and later used by President Franklin Roosevelt, had been specially shipped in for the premiere from its permanent display place in Niagara Falls, Canada. "I'd love to have it for city driving," quipped Gazzara, who came to the screening decked out in a Capone-style pin-stripe suit, full-length rabbit coat, and half of the extra 20 lbs. he had put on for his role. The fans seemed more interested in the limo than the leading man; after giving Gazzara a polite moment of applause, they quickly crowded round for a close look at the \$150,000 mobstermobile.

He may be playing second fiddle in Britain's Conservative Party these days but former Prime Minister **Edward Heath** still calls the tune occasionally. Heath, who was ousted as head of the Conservatives in February, made his continental debut as a symphony conductor last week before sellout audiences in Bonn and Cologne. At the invitation of Maestro **André Previn**, Heath led the London Symphony Orchestra through a 15-minute performance of Elgar's *Cockaigne* overture while West German TV cameras recorded the event. "Scintillating," applauded Bonn's *General-Anzeiger*. "Heath probably took Richard



FORMER PRIME MINISTER EDWARD HEATH BACK ON THE BEAT



FORD SALUTING COLONIAL ARMY HONOR GUARD IN LEXINGTON

Strauss's advice that economy of gesture can be more effective than the manners of the *grand dompteur*," praised *Die Welt*. Heath, who won an organ scholarship at Oxford in the 1930s, had a ready explanation for his greater success as conductor than Conservative Party leader. "The orchestra has 120 musicians," he observed, "and Conservatives in the House of Commons number 276."

Helping launch the nation's Bicentennial bash, President **Gerald Ford** took part in ceremonies in Boston's Old

North Church and at Lexington and Concord, Mass., where 200 years ago the Minutemen drove off the redcoats with the shots heard round the world. Fifes shrilled, drums rolled and the sharp crackle of musket fire sounded across the New England towns as the skirmishes were re-enacted for the benefit of 150,000 spectators. The President reviewed an honor guard of Minutemen on the Lexington Battle Green and placed wreaths to honor both the American and British dead at Concord. He told the celebrators that they had given him "a new spirit and a new strength about our



JACK NICKLAUS SIGNS FOR A FAN



PIERRE TRUDEAU SAMPLES THE SYRUP



BILL WALTON & FRIEND

PEOPLE

country." Said Ford: "The finest tribute that may ever be paid this nation is that we provided a home for freedom."

"From my experience and that of others, I can say that kidnapping today is a real, solidly based industry." Italian Jeweler **Gianni Bulgari** knew what he was talking about. He had just spent 31 days as a captive after his abduction during a traffic jam near Rome's Via Veneto. Last week Bulgari, 40, lighter by 20 lbs. and a little over \$2 million in ransom, was found tied hand and foot in a stolen Fiat less than 500 yds from his home in the luxurious Parioli district. He had spent the past month locked in a 6-ft. square cell, he told police, and could not identify his captors. After two days of seclusion, the gaunt businessman emerged to correct reports that his ransom had been a record \$16 million. "The astronomical sums reported in the press only provide free advertising and promotion for this new kind of economic enterprise," he said. Bachelor Bulgari, an occasional escort of **Gina Lollobrigida** and **Candice Bergen**, then added: "Even if I am wealthy, that doesn't mean to say I am as rich as many have written." Not any more, at least.

I never thought of it being my fifth Masters title—not until it was over and I was slipping on the green coat," declared Golfer **Jack Nicklaus**, 35, who collected \$40,000 in prize money and one more winner's jacket at the Masters Tournament in Augusta, Ga. Others were more acutely aware of Nicklaus' achievement. "I can't say how I feel," said an anguished **Tom Weiskopf**, who lost the lead and eventually finished second (for the fourth time), in a tie with **Johnny Miller**. "How do you describe pain?" For Nicklaus, the tournament's most exhilarating moment came on the

16th green, where the Golden Bear sank a meandering 40-ft. birdie putt, then bounded into a victory dance. Miller, playing one hole behind, was later asked if he had seen his rival's moment of glory. "See it?" he asked. "I had to walk through the bear prints."

For Canada's **Pierre Trudeau**, the trip to Mont Saint-Gregoire east of Montreal had all the look of the Prime Minister's baby-holding, mama-kissing campaign days. While some 1,000 guests of the Mont Royal Liberal Association picnicked on French Canadian baked beans, crêpes and *oreilles de krist*, Trudeau mixed with the voters, then gulped down a mouthful of the day's specialty—snow-hardened maple syrup. The political party lingered through the day, but Trudeau left early for the return trip to Ottawa and Wife **Margaret**, who, the Prime Minister's office later revealed would be giving birth to a new constituent in October.

Portland Trail Blazer **Bill Walton** has done more dribbling at the mouth than on the court lately, and Oregon basketball fans are fed up. Walton, who had been questioned by the FBI about fugitive **Patty Hearst**, appeared at a press conference to denounce the bureau and call for support in "rejection of the United States Government." Later he elaborated: "I meant that people who don't agree with the way the Government does things shouldn't cooperate with it. I don't intend to break the law, but I'm just not going to cooperate with agencies like the FBI when they ask me questions about my friends." Such comments drew some quick foul calls by phone, hundreds of letters, and a few cancellations by season-ticket holders. The \$400,000-a-year center "has reaped extraordinary benefits from this system."

said team officials in their own public statement. Portland Television Sports-caster **Doug Lamear** urged the Blazers to exchange one famous vegetarian for another by trading Walton "for **Euell Gibbons** and a six-pack of carrot juice." That just might be a good deal. Walton, who missed 47 of the Blazers' 82 games this season because of a foot injury, tore ligaments in his left ankle during a pickup basketball game last week and was reassigned to a cast for the off-season.

"I need a lot of money. Not for myself, but for my dancers, so they can look to a future that is not barren." With that, Modern Dance **Doyenne Martha Graham**, 80, announced a New York benefit in June to celebrate the 50th anniversary of her revolutionary dance company. For the occasion, Graham plans a new work called *Lucifer*. The fallen angel will be played by **Rudolf Nureyev**. "It's a little typecasting," observed Graham. "I think Nureyev is a God of Light." His longtime partner, **Margot Fonteyn**, is also scheduled to make her first appearance with a modern dance company in a smaller role. With tickets starting at \$50 and climbing to a robust \$10,000 a seat, Graham has persuaded a former student, First Lady **Betty Ford**, to act as honorary chairperson of the event. "I hope it will succeed," said Graham. "But if it is a failure, I hope it is a big one, a scandal. I don't believe in little failures."

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The Full Circle: In Praise of the Bicycle

Everyone knows that Leonardo da Vinci invented the armored car and the alarm clock. Now historians have unearthed his most remarkable achievement. There in the dusty libraries of Madrid lay the neglected sketch of a bicycle. How logical that the Renaissance man should have invented the Renaissance machine.

Even the most dedicated jogger must admit that his sport is purely hygienic. The bouncing exercise never allows the eyes to rest, the country seems to jiggle by on springs. The motorist glides on air and shock absorbers, but his speed undoes him. The scenery is a blur, the highlights only a few seconds in duration. And his exhaust clouds the air he travels through. The cyclist pedals between his two contemporaries. Neither pedestrian nor driver, he is a happy anomaly, a 20th century centaur. Away from trucks and taxis, he has no competition; all turf is his. The novice and the regular both know the cyclist's high. It derives, in part, from the knowledge that the energy comes from a live body, not from fossil fuels. The legs pump, the heart answers. After a few trips, the rider feels the course of his own blood and knows the truth of Dr. Paul Dudley White's promise: the bicycle is an aid to longevity. (White took his own advice and pedaled into his late 80s.)

It is this freedom, from gas and even from roads, that has brought the American bicycle to its new prominence. For the first time since World War I, cycles are outselling cars. Moreover, the machines are no longer a juvenile item. As recently as 1969, only about 12% of bicycles sold in the U.S. were adult in design. This year the lightweight, diamond-framed "mature" model will account for 65% of the market.

In fact the contraption was never meant to be a child's device. *Pace* Leonardo, some researchers have perceived the outlines of bicycles in the frescoes of Pompeii and the tombs of Egypt. In any case, it was not until 1816 that the German baron, Karl von Drais, devised a recognizable model of the contemporary machine. That bike had everything a rider would want—except pedals. The cyclist walked perched on a saddle and propelled himself by running and gliding. In the mid-19th century rubber tires replaced the old boneshaking metal rims and high-wheelers elevated the rider far above the crowd—making crashes all the more resounding.

In a series of premonitory events, John D. Rockefeller gave presents of expensive bicycles to close associates, and lady cyclists abandoned their acres of crinoline for "rational clothing." H.G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw could be seen atop their new machines, and *Scientific American* soberly announced that "as a social revolutionizer [the bike] has never had an equal. It has put the human race on wheels, and has thus changed many of the most ordinary processes and methods of social life."

Alas, a greater revolutionizer was on its way. As the century changed, so did inventions, mores and wheels. The automobile ruthlessly honked the bike from the road. In the field of romance, it displaced its predecessor, enclosed in steel and glass, the young couple enjoyed a privacy that was denied them even in the parlor. The bicycle abruptly became an exiled device, to be used somewhere between kindergarten and acne.

It might have remained a thing of beauty and a toy forever. But the agent of its obscurity was also the cause of its revival. For too long, the combustion engine befouled the atmosphere and lulled Americans into a dangerous sloth. But today, the new conservation and the high incidence of circulatory and cardiac diseases have caused the natural life to be reappraised. The bicycle no longer seems juvenile, indeed, it offers the country transportation, romance and exercise at a fee that advertisers like to summarize as "pennies per day."

Or dollars, if the rider is so inclined. The renewed fasci-

nation with bicycles has brought with it a new fashion, as capricious—and expensive—as *haute couture*. Now discriminating enthusiasts can buy a futuristic ten-speed British Hetchins for \$900, or the Italian Colnago for \$1,200. Such merchandise features an airiness that makes spider webs appear cumbersome, and offers gears so refined that they ought to be able to do logarithms. Yet the superbikes' forward motion does not differ substantially from that of the cheaper models. Non-*aficionados* often wonder whether it might be cheaper to buy ten \$100 models, replacing each one as it gets worn out. Or, more likely, stolen: bicycle theft has become America's fastest-growing crime.

Even more unfortunate than the new bike rip-offs is the old anarchy. Any visitor to Europe has wondered at the rapid transit of pedaling citizens in Dublin and London, Paris and Berlin. In America, pandemonium reigns supreme. Some riders go with traffic, others against it. Some obey vehicular signs,

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



PORTAIT OF A BICYCLIST (ANDREW WYETH'S YOUNG AMERICA)

others move with the pedestrian tide. The result: an estimated 456,000 emergency-room visitors in 1974. And more are expected this year.

Still, given the risks of robbery and the hazards of traffic, the true believers will not forsake their mounts for something better. In fact, there is nothing better. The bike rider may not get there as fast as in the cab or the family car. But along the way he is creating conditions of health, enjoying the weather and collecting some valuable human truths: every forward motion costs effort; balance means a total involvement in the task; energy has its limits; to stop precipitately is to court disaster; and, of course, a skill once learned is never quite forgotten.

As the air carries the perennial message of spring, millions of cyclists will be reiterating those precepts, echoing the only literary work in which they shine. In *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Mark Twain recalls the anachronistic day on which King Arthur was saved from his enemies: "By George! here they came, attiling—five hundred mailed and belted knights on bicycles! The grandest sight that ever was seen! Lord, how the plumes streamed, how the sun flamed and flashed from the endless procession of webby wheels!"

For Arthur, read humanity, for knights, read riders. The sun still flames and the webby wheels still flash: the procession grows longer every day. For an increasing number of Americans, the bicycle has become the Great Rescuer—and the only first-class transportation left to humanity.

Stefan Kanfer

Present at the Fall

As victorious Khmer Rouge forces closed in on Phnom-Penh last week, 17 or so foreign journalists passed up the last evacuation flight, electing instead to cover the fall of the capital. It was a perilous decision. There were reports that Khmer Rouge troops had vowed to kill any Americans they found; Chau Seng, a Khmer Rouge Politburo member in Paris, offered only an opaque promise that once the city was taken "competent authorities will examine [the journalists'] cases" before deciding their fate.

Among the newsmen believed to be holed up in the French embassy at the end were five Americans.

► New York Times Correspondent Sidney Schanberg, 41, who filed thousands of words on the last hours of the Long Boret government before *Times* editors lost contact with him late in the week. Schanberg, who won a Polk Award in 1972 for his compelling reports on the India-Pakistan war, dominated the paper's front page daily. "Sidney has been covering the story for the past five years," said Foreign Editor James Greenfield. "He felt that it was important for the coverage to be continued, and that he should be the one to do it."

► ABC News Correspondent Lee Rudakewych and CBS News Stringer Denis Cameron, 44, who stayed behind in a largely futile attempt to organize an airlift of 400 Cambodian orphans. Rudakewych used the erratic Associated Press telex line to Hong Kong to tell his editors that he had malaria but was

safe. Cameron cabled CBS: "The situation here is unclear and contradictory. Fresh rumors keep arriving to fuel the worry and apprehension. We return regularly to the hotel to compare rumors and feel some small consolation in our togetherness."

► Richard Boyle, 33, a roving correspondent for Pacific News Service, a San Francisco-based syndicate that claims 145 newspaper and radio subscribers. Boyle used the A.P. line last week to report that he was safe and had no intention of leaving. He added somewhat bleakly: "Survival journalism is getting a lot tougher these days. Keeping my head down."

► Al Rockoff, 26, a freelance photographer with long experience in Southeast Asia. He was quoted as saying before the evacuation that he would stay because he thought that someone who knew Cambodia should be there to photograph its fall. When Khmer Rouge brigades paraded into the city, Rockoff, camera in hand, was seen riding on the hood of a Jeep loaded with soldiers.

At week's end the exact fate of the American newsmen who stayed behind was not yet known.

Country Slickers

When Richard M. Ketchum, a farmer in Dorset, Vt. (pop. 1,293), rose at his customary 5 a.m. one day this month, he could hear a cow bellowing in pain. Ketchum, who left his job as a Manhattan book editor five years ago, hurried to his barn and minutes later handed his wife a quivering, wobbly-legged

newborn calf. Then he went off to care for another recent offspring: *Blair & Ketchum's Country Journal*, a unique combination of country charm and big-city slickness, which last week won a National Magazine Award.

Country Journal was brought quivering and wobbling into the world one year ago this month by Ketchum, 58, and William S. Blair, 53, former publisher of *Harper's* magazine, who now has a 250-acre spread of his own in Guilford, Vt. (pop. 1,108). When the two reformed Manhattanites first met in Vermont in 1972, each found that the other was thinking of starting a monthly to capitalize on the growing city interest in rural life. After raising \$170,000 from friends and scraping up \$35,000 of their own, they founded *Country Journal*.

Compost Heap. Since then the magazine has served up a steady fare of amiably instructive articles on such topics as how to raise pigs, make maple syrup, build a compost heap and install a lightning rod. "How-to articles are our bread and butter," says Editor Ketchum. Interleaved between the how-tos are thoughtful pieces on such issues as energy policy, the morality of hunting and the future of farming. For all its bucolic content, the magazine is dressed up in striking contemporary design that earned it last week's award.

Country Journal's rural urbanity has made it a swift success. Advertising revenues are running at more than double last year's pace, circulation has sprouted from a start-up 36,000 to more than 60,000, and an encouraging two-thirds of the magazine's charter subscribers are renewing. Blair and Ketchum predict that *Country Journal* will be in the black early next year, fast growth for a mere calf of a magazine.

Success has not come without problems. Editor Ketchum has had some trouble attracting big-name writers for the magazine's \$200-to-\$500-per-article fee. Publisher Blair has found that the local ad scene is a different place from Madison Avenue. "You don't talk about cost-per-thousand, reach and frequency," says Blair. "You talk face-to-face with a guy. If he's interested, he points to an ad and says, 'How much is that?' You say it's \$90, and he answers, 'That's a lot.' So you sell him one for \$45."

If the problems are uniquely rural, so are the payoffs. *Country Journal's* eight-member editorial staff takes lunch breaks on cross-country skis or picnics in an old gazebo on a pond behind the office. Blair gazes out of his office window at photogenic Mt. Wantastiquet. And Ketchum's family has become a working advertisement for the magazine's editorial pitch of self-sufficiency: they spend spare hours milking goats, making maple syrup and, of course, delivering the occasional calf.

PACIFIC NEWS SERVICE'S RICHARD BOYLE

TIMES'S SCHANBERG AT PHNOM-PENH EVACUATION



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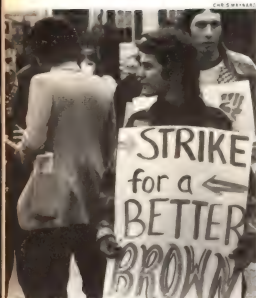
The young family is protected. They retain their independence. And you may be freed of a potential obligation.

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We guarantee tomorrow today.





STUDENTS PICKET AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

Walkout at Brown

In the turbulent '60s, students frequently went on strike to protest such weighty matters as the war in Southeast Asia, the draft or national political problems. Last week students at Brown University took to the picket line to speak out on what is strictly a campus affair: the school's projected budget cuts and the lack of any student voice in the decision to slash expenses.

The dispute that led to the walkout began with a February announcement by President Donald Hornig, a science adviser to President Johnson, that Brown would have to trim its budget by 15% and its faculty by 16.5% over the next three years. The school was facing a \$4 million deficit and could no longer afford to support its full academic program, one of the most innovative in the Ivy League. A student committee met with the administration but could not work out a compromise. When it became apparent that the university was adamant, the students voted last week to boycott their classes.

Higher Costs. The strikers argued that financial aid to needier students was not keeping pace with increasing college costs (tuition, room and board will be increased by \$620 next fall, while the average scholarship will rise by only \$66). They also want Brown to drop plans to fire junior faculty, to admit more minority students, and to include students in budget decisions.

During the week, some 30% of Brown's 5,119 undergraduates remained in class, while others marched outside buildings with signs saying CUT CLASS, NOT FACULTY and organized workshops on subjects ranging from "sexism awareness" to "prison reform." The faculty did not take a stand, and most teachers

showed up for class. Robley K. Matthews, chairman of the geology department, urged his professors to deliver their regular lectures even if not a single student was in the room; he also advised them to make sure that topics covered in last week's lectures would "figure heavily in the final examination."

President Hornig was more understanding, conceding that the strike was "a reflection of the pressure on students of rising costs and a kind of austerity they haven't learned to live with." Nonetheless, he added, "It is not clear to me how staying away from classes hurts anyone but the students involved."

A Fair Exchange

Dee Patterson, 27, a Chicago teacher, wanted to learn German before she takes a trip to Europe this summer. Olga Howard, 86, whose family spoke German when she was a child and who lives in Evanston, Ill., was anxious to teach the language. They both called the Learning Exchange, a service that connects people who want to learn something with people who want to teach it. The women have been meeting once a week ever since, and Mrs. Howard has "high hopes that Dee will be understood when she asks where to check her luggage" upon her arrival in Austria.

Some 20,000 other people in the Chicago area have been brought together—free of charge—by the Learning Exchange since it was set up four years ago. Now on the second floor of an Episcopal church in Evanston, the exchange is financed by several small grants from foundations; it has four full-time staff members, four telephones, and an information bank of 30,000 file cards that list the names and numbers of prospective students and teachers interested in more than 2,000 subjects—including such off-beat avocations as fire eating,

flying saucers and fox hunting. Says Vice Chairman Denis Detzel: "The calls are an excellent way of keeping track of what people are into." When former President Nixon went to China, for example, dozens of people called who wanted to learn Chinese. Lately there has been a great demand for courses closer to home: plumbing, carpentry and auto repairs.

Some of the teachers listed with the exchange work in the city's public schools, but many are people who simply want to share their expertise and enthusiasm. For example, Charles Spielman, an aquatic biologist for Chicago's metropolitan sanitary district, teaches clowning; David Porter, who is blind and is studying for a master's degree in social work, teaches several different stringed instruments. Some teach without pay; others negotiate a fee with their students. Grace Jaffe, a retired sociology professor, teaches French to four teenagers, who tend her vegetable garden in return. Says she: "The young people seem to learn more outside the high school system."

Doctoral Students. The exchange was set up by Detzel, 29, and Bob Lewis, 34, former doctoral students at Northwestern University, who wanted to find new ways for talented people to teach outside a traditional classroom. Still dependent on grants, they are moving toward financial independence by selling memberships for \$15 a year.

Word of the exchange's success has spread: calls have come in from more than 50 cities in the U.S. and Canada asking for information about learning-exchange systems. Meanwhile, Detzel and Lewis have earned praise from the educational establishment. Says B.J. Chandler, dean of Northwestern's school of education: "The formal educational system is groaning under the load put on it. We've got to lend our support to this kind of alternative."

OLGA HOWARD (RIGHT) TRANSLATES GERMAN INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING CUCKOO CLOCK





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New Light on Adult Life Cycles

Freud, Spock and Piaget have charted almost every inch of childhood. Psychoanalyst Erik Erikson put the final touches on a convincing map of adolescence. Yet until very recently, most of the charting stopped near the age of 21—as if adults escape any sequence of further development. Now a growing number of researchers are surveying the adult life cycle.

The research so far has been narrow, concentrating largely on white, middle-class American males. But in separate studies, three of the most important life-cycle scholars—Psychiatrist Roger Gould of U.C.L.A., Yale Psychologist Daniel Levinson and Harvard Psychiatrist George Vaillant—have reached some remarkably similar conclusions that add new dimensions to the topography of postadolescent life. The main features:

16-22: LEAVING THE FAMILY. In this period, youthful fantasies about adulthood slowly give way. Young people begin to find their peers useful allies in an effort to break the hold of the family. Peer groups, in turn, tend to impose group beliefs. Emotions are kept under wraps, and friendships are brittle; any disagreement by a friend tends to be viewed as betrayal.

23-28: REACHING OUT. Following Erik Erikson, who found the dominant feature of the 20s to be a search for personal identity and an ability to develop intimacy, Gould, Levinson and Vaillant see this period as an age of reaching toward others. The growing adult is expansive, devoted to mastering the world; he avoids emotional extremes, rarely bothers to analyze commitments. To Levinson, this is a time for "togetherness" in marriage. It is also a time when a man is likely to acquire a mentor—a patron and supporter some eight to 15 years older.

29-34: QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS. All the researchers agree that a crisis generally develops around age 30. Assurance wavers, life begins to look more difficult and painful, and self-reflection churns up new questions: "What is life all about? Why can't I be accepted for what I am, not what others (boss, society, spouse) expect me to be?" An active social life tends to decline during this period. So does marital satisfaction, and the spouse is often viewed as an obstacle instead of an asset. Marriage becomes particularly vulnerable to infidelity and divorce. Vaillant sees a crassness, callousness and materialism at this stage. Levinson detects a wrenching struggle among incompatible drives: for order and stability, for freedom from all restraints, for upward mobility at work.

Says he: "If a man doesn't start to settle down by age 34, his chances of forming a reasonably satisfying life structure are quite small."

35-43: MID-LIFE EXPLOSION. Somewhere in this period comes the first emotional awareness that death will come and time is running out. The researchers see this stage as an unstable, explosive time resembling a second adolescence. All values are open to question, and the mid-lifer wonders, is there time to change? The mentor acquired in the mid-20s is cast aside, and the emphasis is on what Levinson calls *boom*—becoming one's own man. Parents are blamed for unresolved personality problems. There is "one last chance to make

AFTER 50: THE MELLOWING. These years are marked by a softening of feelings and relationships, a tendency to avoid emotion-laden issues, a preoccupation with everyday joys, triumphs, irritations. Parents are no longer blamed for personal problems. There is little concern for either past or future.

Like Freud and Erikson, the life-cycle researchers argue that personality disorders arise when, for one reason or another, the orderly march of life stages is disrupted. Vaillant's studies suggest, for instance, that men who fail to achieve an identity in adolescence sometimes sail through life with a happy-go-lucky air, but never achieve intimacy, *boom* or generativity. "They live out



DRAWING BY STEVEN SCALET, © 1976 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"It seems like only yesterday I was on the verge of getting it all together."

it big" in one's career. Does all this add up to disaster? Not necessarily. "Mid-life crisis does not appear to portend decay," says Vaillant. "It often heralds a new stage of man." The way out of this turbulent stage, say the researchers, is through what Erikson calls "generativity"—nurturing, teaching and serving others. The successful mid-lifer emerges ready to be a mentor to a younger man.

44-50: SETTLING DOWN. A stable time: the die is cast, decisions must be lived with, and life settles down. There is increasing attention to a few old values and a few friends. Money is less important. Gould sees married people turning to their spouses for sympathy as they once did to their parents. Levinson notes that men tend to have fantasies of young, erotic girls as well as of older, nurturing women—all part of a final attempt to solve childhood problems and cut free from the mother.

their lives like latency boys," he says, not mentally ill, but developmentally retarded at the childhood level.

The researchers' findings are tentative. So far, few minority group members or working class men have been studied, and the data on women is limited. Vaillant believes, however, that the female life pattern is much the same as the male, except that the drive for generativity that appears in men in their late 30s or early 40s may show up a decade earlier in women.

In any event, a thoroughly detailed portrait of adult life is still "many years away," as Gould concedes, and there is much skepticism in the academic world that one will ever appear. Yet the life-cycle researchers are confident that the threatening 30s and the mellowing 50s will some day become as universally accepted as, say, the terrible 20s and the noisy 10s of childhood.

Boom on Broadway

"There's a hum on this street," says Sandy Dennis, looking down a line of lighted marquees in the heart of Broadway, "a feeling of encouragement that hasn't been around for a long, long time." Dennis is starring in *Absurd Person Singular*, her first Broadway hit in ten years. Her success, along with the return of several other top actors, marks an unexpected renaissance of Broadway. After years of frustration over a Great White Way beset by urban squalor, rocketing costs and deserting audiences, Broadway is enjoying the kind of lively season that seemed to have disappeared permanently. Grosses have been of record proportions. Advance sales for Bette

Midler's *Clams on the Halfshell Revue* set a new one-day record (more than \$200,000), and Bob Fosse's \$650,000 musical *Chicago* has not even come in yet.

The excitement is not just box office. This season Broadway has offered something for everyone. Oscar Winner Ellen Burstyn is back in the hit comedy *Same Time, Next Year*. Rex Harrison and Julie Harris star in *In Praise of Love*, and Ingrid Bergman is in *The Constant Wife*. Cleavon Little escaped Mel Brooks' clutches long enough to run off with the notices in Murray Schisgal's flip farce *All Over Town*, and Elizabeth Ashley returned triumphantly in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. The British sent over a generation of stars, including Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg playing together with the finesse of the Lunts in *The Misanthrope*. John Wood portraying a rapier-sharp *Sherlock Holmes*. Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth in the psychological tour de force *Equus*. Even Liv Ullmann turned up, though in a disappointing production of *A Doll's House*. Her presence gave the season an extra glow.

Hottest Ticket. At the end of last season only three plays had even made their money back. Yet this season began with hit after hit. Playwright Neil Simon credits the British invasion with supplying the spark. "I think there are better plays here because of what London sent us the first half of the season. It got us going." Sure enough, no sooner had Peter Shaffer's *Equus* and the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Sherlock Holmes* settled in as enduring successes than Americans hit back with *All Over Town* and what has turned out to be the season's hottest ticket, Bernard Slade's exercise in extra-conjugal domesticity, *Same Time, Next Year*. But the sleepers of the season—indeed, the main reason the season itself was a sleeper—were the revivals. Pirandello's *The Rules of the Game* and Congreve's *Love for Love*

drew enthusiastic audiences; so did *Cat* and then *Gypsy* with Angela Lansbury. It was their success that signaled how theater audiences have changed.

Elizabeth Ashley felt it directly. Away from Broadway since 1964, she remembers audiences "looking as if they were hijacked—at the theater under duress." But when she opened in *Cat*, she was stunned. "You could feel the audience breathe—they were moved." They were also younger than they used to be. Says Producer Hal Prince: "Young people have begun to be exposed to serious regional theater. The idea of theater as serious entertainment, not just sitcoms, has rubbed off."

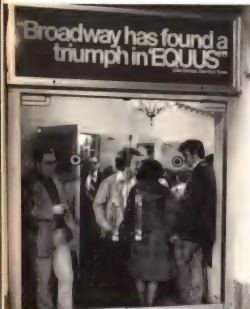
Black Blockbuster. Broadway has begun wooing new audiences and shedding some of the commercialism that made it primarily entertainment for the expense-account crowd. In 1967 a group of producers, with grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, private foundations and individuals, set up the Theater Development Fund to encourage serious plays on Broadway and develop audiences for them. The fund invests in plays like *Cat* and *Equus* by buying up blocks of seats for resale to students, union members and teachers.

Another innovation of the fund is the Times Square ticket booth, which sells tickets at half-price to a variety of shows on the day of performance only. Its influence has extended beyond ticket sales. Notes Prince: "There is an informal, impulsive audience who go to the theater as they go to the movies." The booth has also sustained many new shows; it bolstered *The Wiz* with a take of \$10,000 a week during the first month's run of the all-black musical version of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Now, after substantial TV advertising, *The Wiz* has become Broadway's first black blockbuster.

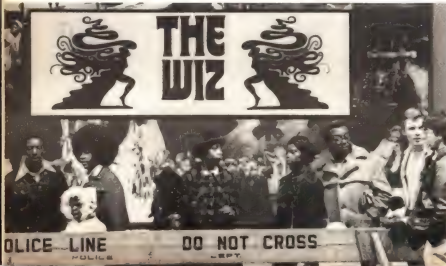
Not that a hit means what it used to. Producers no longer pretend that their shows are sold out every night. Credit cards and phone orders are accepted. Seats are usually available at the last minute, and Ticketron, a computerized box-office system, has some 90 outlets in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. Theatergoing in Manhattan is now almost as relaxed and spontaneous as in London.

But changing ways of selling tickets and encouraging new audiences are less important than what Broadway has to offer. The major problem is still a lack of American plays. "In the '20s and '30s, 15 or 20 American playwrights were on Broadway," says Joseph Papp, head of the New York Shakespeare Festival. "It was our national theater. Now it's mostly imports." Supported mainly by federal and state grants, Papp has tried for the past two years to correct the imbalance by presenting new Amer-

THEATERGOERS AT EQUUS



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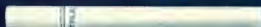
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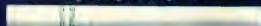
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ican plays at his Broadway house, the Vivian Beaumont Theater. Audiences have so far rejected his choices, such as David Rabe's raunchy *Boom Boom Room* and Anne Burr's grim *Meri & Phil*. "They're too strong, too powerful and too revealing," charges Papp. Bernard B. Jacobs, executive director of the Shubert organization, offers a different explanation: "This is a time of terrible confusion," he says. "It is hard to write about contemporary subjects, perhaps because everything becomes old hat so quickly."

Nevertheless, Jacobs is backing Papp's efforts: this season the Shubert organization gave Papp's off-off-Broadway Public Theater \$150,000 to present ten new playwrights. The grants reflect the change in Shubert, the multimillion-dollar real-estate empire. As landlord of 16½ Broadway houses, it was for decades a powerful and increasingly neglectful influence. In 1972, Broadway's blackest year, Shubert was hit hard. It even seemed likely that many Broadway houses would be replaced by office buildings but for the kind of chance known as "actor's luck": the theater slump had coincided with the office-building slump. Since then, the organization has been among the leaders in trying to revitalize theater, pouring more than \$2 million seed money into nonprofit companies and urging greater cooperation between all kinds of theater.

Good times. For despite the season's financial success, nothing basic has changed. There is no way to increase the productivity of live performances, nor is there any way theater can compete for any more than a fraction of the huge audiences enjoyed by TV and movies.

Almost every producer believes some form of government help is necessary. Papp and Producer David Merrick opt for straight subsidies. Gerald Schoenfeld, co-executive director of Shubert, thinks that angels should be allowed to deduct investments from their taxes and that the taxes paid by the Broadway area should be pumped back into it. Subsidies from public and private sources already support the flourishing nonprofit theaters that now feed Broadway. The most promising young playwrights have come from them too. Terrence McNally (*Bad Habits*, *The Ritz*) got his start at the Manhattan Theater Club. So did Mark Medoff (*The Wager*, *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*). It was New Haven's Long Wharf Theater that introduced the best young British playwrights. Sam Shepard, perhaps the most promising young playwright, had his first success, *The Tooth of Crime*, at Princeton's McCarter Theater. Joe Papp is right when he says, "When you talk about good times in the theater, you are talking about business being good. There are never really up times if you are serious, because the theater must fight tradition constantly."

Saying No to NOW

Approaching a woman waiting to receive Communion last week at St. Brigid's Catholic Church in Pacific Beach, Calif., the priest paused hesitantly. Eyering the National Organization for Women button she was wearing, he asked gravely: "Do you believe in abortion?" Just as seriously, she responded: "You mean I have to give my beliefs before I receive Communion?"

The answer was yes. The woman was just one of dozens of parishioners sporting NOW buttons who were refused the Eucharist at St. Brigid's and other Roman Catholic churches in the San Diego area. Surprising as it was, the altar

Maher was traveling in Europe when his letter was first released two weeks ago. It caused consternation among San Diego priests, and Maher's aides explained that Catholics could belong to NOW—if they opposed its pro-abortion view. Upon his return Maher endorsed that shift at a testy press conference. But buoyed by a stream of favorable phone calls, telegrams and letters, he justified his condemnation of NOW by name. He also insisted that support of a woman's freedom of choice on abortion—which is NOW's policy—is as bad as promoting abortion as such. "You have these two creeds," he said, "one of pro-abortion and one of the preservation and sacredness of life. How can you be-



MILITANT BISHOP MAHER

"I like him very much, but he's never been pregnant."



CATHOLIC FEMINIST GLEASON

quizzing formed only part of the spectacle at the church. Outside, a crowd of angry feminists joined in a chant: "Not the church. Not the state. Women must decide our fate." Some carried signs that urged: PRAY TO GOD. SHE WILL HELP YOU. Meanwhile, anti-abortionists paraded with photographs of dead fetuses, and banners proclaiming NOW NEVER and MAHER FOR POPE.

Maher is the Most Rev. Leo T. Maher, 59, the bishop of San Diego who now seems bent on escalating single-handed the Roman Catholic Church's war on abortion. In a letter read at Masses in San Diego last week, Maher announced that no one in his \$12,000-a-member diocese who publicly admits to membership in an organization that promotes abortion can receive the Eucharist or serve as a lector (lay reader). He specifically cited NOW for its "shameless agitation" on behalf of abortion.

lieve in them both at the same time!"

Maher's move was apparently prompted by complaints from some Catholics in his diocese—a center of "right-to-life" activity—about a feminist leader named Jan Gleason. She is not only a parish lector but also a NOW member and, most upsetting of all to the anti-abortionists, the national head of Catholics for a Free Choice. This group, like NOW, supports a woman's right of personal decision on abortion.

Day of Outrage. Predictably, feminist groups seized on the bishop's broadside as an opportunity to make some points for their cause. Local NOW officials encouraged Catholic members to wear their buttons to Mass and force the issue. Catholic women, declared one NOW leader, must decide between "their body or their church." NOW's national headquarters called for a "Day of Outrage" against the Catholic hierarchy.

RELIGION

—on Mother's Day. Just back from a week of ferrying orphans from Viet Nam to the U.S., Lector Gleason remarked: "I like the bishop very much, but he's never been pregnant."

Bishop Maher's position is severe by any measure. Catholic canon law provides that women or doctors who intentionally involve themselves in abortions are automatically excommunicated, but Maher is now denying the Eucharist on the basis of individuals' personal beliefs about the matter. Before it was modified, his outright ban on NOW membership was unusually extreme. Historically, Catholic bans on specific organizations have been rare and have involved only groups like the Masons, which the church opposed for many years as essentially anti-Catholic.

For their part, groups that favor free choice on abortion can claim no great record for tolerance either. Four months ago, the NOW chapter in Columbus voted to excommunicate one of its members, Pat Goltz. Her crime: she headed an anti-abortion organization called Feminists for Life.

The U.S. Civil Rights Commission last week entered the right-to-life fray, opposing proposed constitutional amendments to ban abortion, and three laws that restrict federal funding for it. The commission, acting under its mandate to monitor federal policies on sex discrimination, said that anti-abortion amendments would hinder the rights of women as well as the religious rights of persons who hold different views. The commission is headed by Arthur Flemming, a Methodist layman who was formerly president of the National Council of Churches. Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York, chairman of the Catholic bishops' pro-life committee, protested that the commission had apparently joined "those who would violate the rights of the most powerless among us—the unborn child."

One Lord Too Many

He may look like just another plump, pubescent lad, but the 17-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji is worshipped as the "Lord of the Universe" by devotees of the Divine Light Mission in many countries round the world. Nowhere is the boy guru's universe better furnished than in the U.S., to which he brought his movement in 1971: a string of 45 ashrams (retreat houses) and information centers in 110 cities across the country tend to the spiritual needs of the Divine Light flock, whose tax-exempt offerings have furnished the teen-age Lord with, among other things, an \$80,000 pad in Denver, a \$400,000 estate in Malibu and an armada of limousines and racing cars.

Yet all is not well in the Maharaj Ji's paradise. Taxmen have been picking over the Divine Light Mission's finances. Even as contributions have been rising, the guru's bookkeepers have been busy juggling some \$206,000 in debts; only recently they paid off the Houston Astrodome for a 1973 rally proclaimed "the most significant event in the history of humanity." Now, worst of all, the boy's sanctity—perhaps even his solvency—are being threatened by a family squabble: in India, the high-living guru's mother Mataji, who claims to be the ultimate authority in the Divine Light movement, has summarily ousted him for "falling from the path."

Mataji (the name means Reverend Mother) announced that the young guru had been replaced by his eldest brother Sat Pal, who would henceforth be spiritual leader of the movement started in 1930 by their father, the late Shri Hansji Maharaj. As Mataji now tells it, the eldest brother had originally been designated as the Bal Bhagwanji (God

Incarnate) by his father even before the Maharaj Ji was born. But when the father died in 1966 and Mission control passed to Mataji, she named her eight-year-old son as the only "Perfect Master" or unique incarnation of God for this age. Possibly because he recognized that the cherubic little guru would be superior at attracting followers, Brother God Incarnate quietly agreed.

What made the Reverend Mother turn against the young guru? The strains within the holy family began building when Maharaj Ji, aided by some new-found American managers, took personal control of the wealthy U.S. empire when he turned 16 in 1973. Then last year the guru wed his secretary, Marilyn Johnson, a non-Hindu former airline stewardess, and declared her to be the incarnation of the ten-armed, tiger-riding goddess Durga. Traditionally, a Hindu mother-in-law expects obeisance from her son's wife; instead, photos of the newlyweds began replacing those of Mataji in U.S. ashrams. When the Reverend Mother invited herself to the U.S. for a visit recently, the guru and Marilyn would not even allow her to stay at the Malibu mansion. On top of that, an outraged Divine Light spokesman in India charges the young guru with, among other things, "haunting nightclubs, drinking, dancing." He is also said to have begun eating meat, which is offensive to vegetarian Hindus.

Forced Retreat. Not one to accept desanctification without a struggle, the prodigal son decided to return to India for the first time in two years for a showdown with his mother and brother. He scheduled a mass rally last week in the city of Lucknow, a Divine Light stronghold in northern India, but was forced to retreat when local officials refused permission for the meeting. So the guru called a press conference and announced that he would deal with his mother and his brother through a lawsuit. After all, he reasoned, nobody can oust the Lord.

*Claimed to number 50,000 in the U.S., though one former headquarters staffer puts the figure at 17,000. In India, the movement has several million followers.

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The Atomic Doctor

At 8:15 on the morning of Aug. 6 1945, Dr. Fumio Shigeto was waiting in line for a trolley to take him to Hiroshima's Red Cross Hospital. A nurse he knew waved to him, inviting him to join her near the front of the queue. Not wanting to push ahead of the people in front of him, Shigeto declined the offer. At that moment there was a blinding flash, followed by a deafening boom. Most of the people in the line were hurled to the ground, burned and bleeding. Shigeto, who was sheltered by the corner of a reinforced-concrete building, survived unscathed.

As one of the best-known of Hiroshima's "atomic doctors," Shigeto, now

only to yield to the victim's pleas that his wife be treated first. After administering first aid to the couple, Shigeto turned his attention to the others in the immediate vicinity. Many of them were hideously burned; the streetcar stop was only a mile from ground zero, well within the "zone of death" where the fatality rate exceeded 50%.

Shigeto worked his way toward the fringes of the holocaust in the center of the city. He lost count of the number of patients he treated that first day, but vividly remembers the feeling of frustration that overtook him as he emptied his bag of supplies, then began tearing up his shirt to bandage the injured. Says Shigeto: "I realized how terrible it is to be a doctor and to be unable to do anything at all to the hundreds of wounded and dying all around you."

Late that night, Shigeto reached home to find his wife and two children safe. But his reunion was a brief one. Five of his 27 colleagues at the hospital had been killed in the blast; for the next two months Shigeto was so busy treating survivors that he could not return home to visit his family.

Deadly Radiation. Like most Hiroshimans, Shigeto wondered what kind of a weapon could have wrought such havoc on his city. But unlike most, he had an idea. On the second day after the explosion, he had some X-ray plates brought up from the hospital's storeroom, still in their lead case. When he found that all of them had been fogged, he remembered an article he had once read in a science magazine and concluded that his city had been hit by an atom bomb.

That knowledge was of little help in treating the bomb victims. Doctors at that time had only scanty knowledge about the effects of atomic radiation. But Shigeto and his colleagues soon became experts. Within weeks after the blast, patients began turning up at the hospital complaining tearfully that their hair had fallen out overnight. Their hair eventually grew back, but other problems remained. Doctors began to notice an increasing incidence of leukemia, a cancer of the blood-forming cells. Over the years, they have found among Hiroshimans a greater than normal occurrence of other cancers as well.

Shigeto became head of the city's Red Cross Hospital in 1948 and assumed the directorship of the newly built Atomic Bomb Memorial Hospital in 1956. But he still found time to treat bomb victims. "I'm a bedside physician," he said. "It's my duty to do all I can for them." His patients were reassured by his calm, Buddha-like demeanor. Said a woman suffering from a bomb-induced cancer, "I feel relieved each time he even smiles at me."

Like most Hiroshimans, Shigeto is

a pacifist. He believes that "the nobility of human spirit will surely prevent" another Hiroshima. "Isn't it strange," he says, "that the worst disaster in human history should have turned me into a helpless optimist?" Indeed, despite his city's ordeal, Shigeto has been so impressed by the strength and courage displayed by Hiroshima's victims that he has unbounded faith in man's prospects for survival. That feeling was bolstered recently when he learned that the first two victims he treated after the blast are still alive today.

Capsules

► Advocates of euthanasia insist that a terminally ill person should be allowed to choose between prolonging his life and ending it. Pollster Mervin Field reports that a good many Californians, at least, appear to agree. In a recent Field poll of 504 Californians carefully selected to provide a good cross section of the state's population, 87% agreed that incurably ill patients should have the right to refuse medication that might prolong their lives. A significant number of those polled were willing to go even further. When asked if incurably ill patients should have the right to ask for and receive medication that would painlessly end their lives, 63% (including 41% of those over 70) said yes.

► Doctors are constantly searching for new ways of diagnosing cancers early, before the tumors spread so that effective treatment is difficult. Dr. Richard Sternheimer, 74, a pathologist at Chicago's Michael Reese Medical Center, has now developed a staining technique that screens cells in the urine. Because urine is formed by the kidneys and passes through the ureters, bladder, urethra and, in males, the prostate gland before it is excreted, it contains cells sloughed off from all of these organs. To determine if any of those cells are cancerous, Sternheimer stains them with two dyes: a blue coloring that attaches itself to the nucleus of diseased cells and a red coloring that combines with all cell components. The malignant cells are not only differentiated by color but by the rate at which they take up the dye; they become stained before healthy cells do. Sternheimer's test must still be tried on a large number of patients and evaluated before its effectiveness can be established. But it has already shown its potential for detecting cancers early. When a patient at Michael Reese for treatment of an eye ailment recently underwent a battery of lab tests, Sternheimer's test suggested that he had cancer of the bladder. Surgery confirmed the cancer, and it was removed before it had spread to other organs.



DR. SHIGETO IN HIROSHIMA
A helpless optimist.

72, has spent the 30 years since that dreadful day caring for the victims of history's first atomic attack. He has refused almost all requests for interviews. Last week, following his retirement (to settle in a home on the outskirts of the city and "raise carrots with my wife"), Shigeto consented to talk to TIME Correspondent S. Chang and reminisce about his escape—and the work it enabled him to do.

Flash-Boom. For Shigeto, the job of treating Hiroshima's survivors began moments after *pikadon* (Japanese for "flash-boom"). For a moment he paused, listening to the screams of pain that filled the air, and asked himself, "God, how on earth could a single doctor handle this mountain of patients?" Then, although stunned by the explosion, Shigeto knelt, opened his black bag and began to treat the man lying at his feet.

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Battling the Budworm

There is a biological time bomb in Maine's north woods armed with a fuse set to explode it in a month. Awakened by the warming sun, billions of tiny spruce-budworm larvae will hatch and turn into ravenous caterpillars, ready to eat all the needles and buds on spruce and balsam fir, hemlock and tamarack. Before their appetite is sated, the budworms are expected to chew their way through some 6 million acres of conifers. For 3.5 million of those acres—an area larger than Connecticut—this will be the third straight year of defoliation, and even healthy trees cannot survive such continuous attack.

Descending Clouds. Though the budworm infestation has been a fact of Maine's forest life for years, it grew to epidemic proportions last July after the caterpillars became moths. In addition to Maine's native budworms, hordes more were swept southeast on prevailing winds from Canada, where 75 million acres are also infested. "Clouds" of the insects—one measured 64 miles long by 16 miles wide—were tracked by the U.S. Weather Service's radar operators. When the moths landed, they clogged factory ventilators and auto radiators; their crushed bodies coated highways with a slippery, accident-causing goo; in some places, people shoveled the bugs off their porches like snow. But most of the moths ended up in the vast forests, where they quietly laid billions and billions of eggs in preparation for this spring's attack, which promises to be the worst in 56 years.

If the trees on the 3.5 million acres are killed, the U.S. will lose enough wood to have built 1.3 million houses or enough paper to have kept 92 million Americans in newspapers, tissues and wrapping for a year. That is not the only potential loss. Maine would be deprived for the 40 years needed for forest regeneration of at least \$13.6 million a year in taxes from the forest-products industry. Workers and businesses serving the timber industry could lose another \$106 million per year. Beyond that, Maine's \$450 million-a-year tourist industry will suffer; no campers or hunters will want to go into a gloomy wasteland of dead trees. In the competition with the budworm, concludes Lester DeCoster, New England regional manager of the American Forest Institute, "man cannot afford to lose."

Trouble is, man's prospects for winning are not very bright. Ever since the use of DDT was banned in 1967, Maine has had few weapons in its battle against the budworm. Environmentalists have suggested gradually cutting down the spruce and balsam trees to deny the caterpillar its food and replacing them with hardwood varieties immune to attack. But that plan is not practical; spruce and balsam are best adapted to the north woods and, says Fred Holt, director of Maine's bureau of forestry, "they always come back when you plant something else." Biological controls—most notably one that involves spraying the foliage with a solution containing *Bacillus thuringiensis*, a bacterium that kills only caterpillars—are still too expensive and difficult to apply over a wide area.

That leaves only one immediate alternative: spraying with short-lived pesticides that do not harm other forms of wildlife. Assuming that Maine officials can find enough such chemicals to douse 3.5 million acres this spring, they still must face the fact that the insecticides will kill only a fraction of the moths and that others will take their place next year, attracted by the trees that survive this spring's onslaught. Thus Maine can only wage a holding action against the budworm and hope that nature will lend a hand with a caterpillar-killing cold snap next month.

Design for Shopping

A 15-year urban renewal spurge has left Boston's government and financial districts strong and healthy, but the city's neglected downtown retail center has stagnated as established stores have followed the middle classes to the suburbs. Last week Boston joined with Jordan Marsh, the city's biggest department store, and Seifrius Corp., a French syndicate, in a bold attempt to change the situation. Their plan: to build a \$220 million project called Lafayette Place that is designed to make downtown shopping attractive once more.

An important part of the developers' strategy is to make it easy for shoppers to get to—and around—the twelve-acre project. There will be a 1,500-car parking garage for suburbanites and, for city dwellers, a direct underground link to the existing subway system. Once at Lafayette Place, shoppers will be able to move from store to store at three levels: in a subterranean concourse, on ground level and, by way of flying bridges, on the second floor. Instead of simply recreating the usual suburban shopping center—a fortress for retailing with all attention focused inward—there will be continuity with the surrounding area. Some of the new stores will front on established city streets, others on Lafayette Place's own maze of pedestrian malls and glassed-in galleries, which were designed by the architects (I.M. Pei & Partners with Cossutta & Ponte) to have the same twists and unexpected shop-filled alleyways as old Boston's typical streets. Says Jacques Tézé, president of Seifrius: "People will feel that they are in a lively city—not trapped in a money-making machine."

Lafayette Place's buildings will be in scale with surrounding architecture and will rise above the retail floors to provide space for offices and a hotel. These should help attract people and keep the center bustling. Last week, even as the ambitious scheme was announced, it began moving toward reality. Wrecking crews started to demolish the first old building on the site of Lafayette Place.



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Died. Michael Flanders, 53, gruff-voiced English musical comedian best known for his long partnership with Schoolmate Donald Swann in their wacky *At the Drop of a Hat* revues; of an apparent heart attack; while vacationing in North Wales. Crippled by polio during World War II, the bulky, bearded Flanders performed from a wheelchair, while the spindly, cricket-like Swann hunched over his piano diffidently, squeaking multilingual ballads. Their routines were a confection of bluff nonsense ("If God had meant us to fly, he'd never have given us the railway"). Flanders and Swann entertained cabaret and theater audiences in Britain and elsewhere for twelve years with songs such as *Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud* and *I'm a Gnu*, until the pair split in 1966 to pursue separate careers.

Died. Richard Conte, 59, veteran Hollywood heavy; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. An Italian barber's son from the mean streets of Jersey City, Conte started out on Broadway, then went on to a 30-year film career playing gangsters (*Cry of the City*), grim-faced war heroes (*Purple Heart*, *Guadalcanal Diary*) and other macho roles (including Susan Hayward's sadistic husband in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*). Although he struggled to break into romantic or comedy leads, Conte remained typecast in hard-guy roles, most recently as the tight-lipped Mafia chieftain Don Barzini in *The Godfather*.

Died. Larry Parks, 60, journeyman film actor who became a celebrated casualty of McCarthy-era anti-Communism; of a heart attack; in Studio City, Calif. A B-movie player in the early 1940s, Parks' fortunes rose sharply after his brilliant performance as Singer Al Jolson in the 1946 hit *The Jolson Story*, which earned Columbia Pictures more than \$8 million and brought him several more starring roles. But his career was shattered in 1951 when he was subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee, which was investigating Communist influence in Hollywood. Parks became the first of dozens of actors, writers and directors to admit publicly to party associations, and was forced to name several colleagues as Communists. Columbia dropped his contract, other acting jobs grew scarce, and Parks was compelled to take up a new profession: selling real estate.

Died. Clyde Tolson, 74, J. Edgar Hoover's almost inseparable No. 2 man at the FBI for 42 years; of heart disease; in Washington, D.C. A taciturn lifelong bachelor, Tolson joined the fledgling bureau in 1928 and soon became what Hoover called "my strong right arm." Though his title was associate director

(he was responsible for administration and investigation activities), Tolson handled a pistol convincingly in many of the spectacular arrests that built the FBI's G-man image in the 1930s. But mainly he was the director's loyal alter ego: he shared J. Edgar's bulletproof Cadillac, his meals, his afternoons at the race tracks, and inherited the bulk of his \$551,500 estate when Hoover died at 77 in 1972.

Died. Fredric March, 77, towering stage and screen actor; of cancer; in Los Angeles. Born Frederick McIntyre Bickel in Racine, Wis., March abandoned his plans for a career in international finance in 1920 when David Belasco gave him his first one-line part on Broadway. After years as a successful juvenile lead with touring theater companies, March moved to almost instant stardom in films with the arrival of the talkies. Tall, lean and sonorous-voiced, he won his first Academy Award for Best Actor in 1932 in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; later he demonstrated his versatility in scores of widely acclaimed performances, ranging from the war-weary sergeant in *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946), for which he won his second Oscar, to the long-suffering father in the original 1956 Broadway production of Eugene O'Neill's epic *Long Day's Journey into Night*. In *Journey* and other plays, March shared top billing with Florence Eldridge, his actress wife of 47 years. Resolved to "keep acting even if I had to get on the back of a truck," March last appeared in 1973 as the hard-bitten Harry Hope in the movie version of *The Freeman Crampton*, his 69th film.

Died. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, 86, Indian philosopher-statesman; of a heart attack; in Madras. A high-caste Hindu who was educated in Christian missionary schools during India's colonial period, Radhakrishnan determined to "find out what was living and what was dead" in his native religion. His search unfolded over the years in dozens of papers and books on Hinduism, most notably his definitive, two-volume English-language magnum opus, *Indian Philosophy* (1923-26), which won him worldwide recognition and helped to make his ecumenical case that Eastern and Western religions are "two sides of the same mold." At the urging of Jawaharlal Nehru, who had studied his works in British prisons, the shy, self-effacing philosopher turned from scholarship to statecraft after India gained independence. The country's second President, he served in the largely ceremonial post of head of state for a turbulent period (1962-67), encompassing wars with China and Pakistan, the death of Nehru, and the accession to power of his former student, Indira Gandhi.

Practical tactics for investors tired of sitting on the sidelines.

Investments For a Changing Economy

May 1975

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THE RECESSION

Slumping More Slowly

There is no such thing as an economic equinox. There are thousands of corners, millions of corners. Each household went into the recession at a different time. Some never did. And it's the same with business. We are at a stage where some things are still going down, some things are even, and some things are going up.

Thus did Secretary of Labor John Dunlop sum up the import of an unusually large number of economic statistics released last week. As he indicated, they were mixed, but even that marked somewhat of an improvement over the uniformly downward trend of recent months. More important, the figures confirmed earlier hints that the economy's slide, while still continuing, is far less steep (TIME, March 24).

Those results encouraged some Government officials and businessmen to speculate that the recession is bottoming out and an upturn can be expected shortly. General Motors President Elliott M. Estes went so far as to say, "The recovery is under way." That statement is certainly premature. More likely, the economy will struggle at about the present level for a few more months until it

accumulates enough strength and vigor for an upsurge. "The economy now is like a plane pointed upward after losing altitude," says Walter Heller, who was chief economic adviser to both President Kennedy and President Johnson. "It is pointed up all right, but it is still losing altitude."

Superficially, last week's most important indicator showed unrelieved gloom. During the first quarter, real gross national product—that is, output of goods and services minus price increases—fell at an annual rate of 10.4%. That was the biggest quarterly drop since the Government began keeping those figures in 1947. Moreover, it marked the fifth consecutive quarter of decline.

Shrinking Inventories. But the drop was caused almost entirely by the largest sell-off ever in inventories: manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers disposed of \$18 billion worth of unwanted stockpiles of goods. Since the working off of inventories is a prerequisite to economic recovery, most economists were not unduly worried by the magnitude of the G.N.P. decline. In addition, says Alan Greenspan, President Ford's chief

economic adviser, "if we had monthly data on real G.N.P., they would show a large decline from January to February, a more moderate decline from February to March, and since then only a small decline."

Other key and sometimes contradictory indicators

► Industrial production, which has been declining sharply for the past five months (down 3.5% in December), dropped only 1% in March

► Personal income continued to increase in March, though its rate of growth did not equal February's. Industrial payrolls, reversing a four-month-long decline, gained at an annual rate of \$300 million in March

► Retail sales in March rose in all major categories except autos. Car sales, which have been skidding since the end of the rebate campaigns, dropped 29% below the year-ago level during the first ten days of April. Nonetheless, auto production is rising, and many furloughed workers have been recalled because of the industry's success in working down its inventory of unsold cars. Economists expect that the checks from the \$8.1 billion tax rebate, which will begin to reach consumers within a few weeks, will put new strength into retail sales

► Housing, one of the recession's most severely hurt victims, continued to limp along in March; the number of housing starts dropped slightly below February levels to the appallingly low annual rate of 980,000. In California alone, 23% of the labor force in the construction industry is jobless. Housing executives hope that the new federal tax credit of up to \$2,000 for buyers of new homes will eventually generate some business. Also, since a record influx of funds continues to pile up in savings institutions, mortgage money is becoming more plentiful and interest rates are going down

For most economists, the question no longer is whether but when the upturn will begin. Robert R. Nathan, who is head of his own economic consulting firm, expresses a gloomy outlook; he warns that the economy must still undergo severe readjustments, most notably in further inventory reductions. "To get too gleeful now is like saying, 'Great, we don't have cancer, just a serious infection.'" Nathan expects that if an upturn does take place this year, it will not occur until the fourth quarter

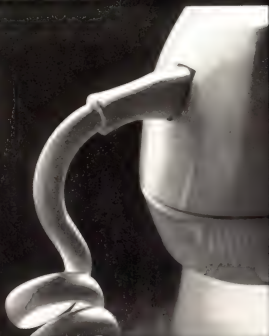
Arthur Okun of the Brookings Institution reckons that the bottoming-out process could begin as early as this month or as late as October. "Once we get started, we will have a lot of bounce-back," predicts Okun. "By the fourth quarter, I am willing to bet we will see very strong gains." William Tongue, a University of Illinois economist, expects the recovery to take the shape "not of a

Employee Entrance



WORKERS AT FORD PLANT IN NEW JERSEY THAT IS STEPPING UP PRODUCTION
The economy is still losing altitude, but at a gentler rate.

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NOONTIME MARKET WATCHERS SCANNING TICKER TAPE AT A MANHATTAN OFFICE OF MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH

V but of a U. And the rise on the other side is going to be quite rapid."

Some economists actually are already concerned that an overheated recovery could imperil the nation's significant progress in reducing the rate of inflation, which now stands at 8%, v. 14.4% only four months ago. The main worry is that if the recovery fails to reduce the disastrous unemployment rate, now at 8.7%, Congress will institute new spending programs, which in turn would fuel a resumption of inflation. "We have literally sown the seed for the upturn," says Murray Weidenbaum, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. "Let's not flood it with more federal spending."

WALL STREET

Prosperity Blunts 'Mayday's' Edge

After almost six years of drift, depression and disaster, prosperity seems to have returned in force to the U.S. stock market. Paced by a swelling optimism that the worst of the recession could well be over, Wall Street's fortunes have turned decidedly upward. Last week, in a bullish performance typical of many since the beginning of the year, the Dow Jones industrial average spurted 29 points to 819, a high for the year, before backing off to 808 on Friday. Still, that was 230 points above the widely watched index's twelve-year low of 578 last Dec. 6. In little more than four months, the average has retraced more than half of its precipitous drop from the all-time high of 1052 in January 1973.

No one is discounting the possibility that the surge on Wall Street could be short-lived. As American Stock Exchange President Paul Kolton put it cautiously last week: "You can't have three good months and say it [Wall Street's tailspin] is over." But brokers nonetheless have good reason to feel happy. Prices for stocks in the Dow Jones industrials are up 30% so far this year and even long-suffering mutual funds are doing nicely. Once again, brokers are making money. Figures to be released soon by the New York Stock Exchange will probably show that its 425 member firms earned pretax profits of around \$300 million through March, a record for any quarter. By comparison Big Board member firms earned a mere \$45.8 million during all of last year and lost \$49 million in 1973.

Life-giving trading volume, which

developed along through most of last year at below subsistence levels, helping to drive 45 firms out of business or into merger, raced along at an average of 22 million shares on the N.Y.S.E. in February and March. One day in February, volume jumped to an improbable 35 million shares, the highest ever; last Thursday 32 million shares changed hands. The price of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange climbed back up to \$95,000 last week, from \$72,000 in January.

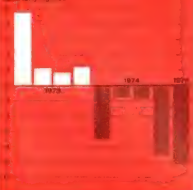
New Era. The prolonged upswing has also dulled the cutting edge of a long-feared change in Wall Street's business practices that is scheduled to go into effect next week. By order of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the industry's watchdog, what remains of Wall Street's barnacled century-old system of charging uniform, fixed commissions for buying and selling stock will end. On May 1, negotiated commissions between brokers and the investing public will begin on all trades. Investors will be able to shop among competing brokers for the lowest commissions and the best services. Wall Streeters, who have done battle with the Government for a decade over negotiated rates, had given the event a designation that in itself is a distress signal: "Mayday."

To stockbrokers, Mayday means nothing less than the abolition of the system that has enriched them in good times and pulled many of them through during long periods of market slack. What is more, negotiated—or "unfixed"—commissions will begin a drastic restructuring of the securities markets

FALLING OUTPUT

G.N.P. in constant 1958 dollars

Percent change at an annual rate.
Quarterly figures



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

That shake-up will be paced by legislation now pending in Congress that in many ways is even more sweeping than the stringent measures passed during the New Deal in reaction to the stock market excesses of the Roaring Twenties. The new competitive era for Wall Street arrives as brokers scramble for capital to offer fresh investment ideas in new ways to U.S. investors.

Lean and Hungry. Yet for all the fear that precedes it, Mayday could well prove to be, at least for the moment, a massive "non-event." Commissions draw less attention from customers in strong markets, when heavy trading generates healthy incomes for brokers. More significant, Wall Street is tougher and more efficient than it was a few years ago, when poor market conditions heightened the dread of losing the crutch of fixed commissions. In the early '70s, for example, many sloppily managed firms were driven out of business be-

last year. And there is little comfort for the Street in knowing that negotiated rates are really nothing new. They went into effect four years ago on trades of \$500,000 and above, a move that benefited large institutional investors such as life insurance companies, pension funds, mutual funds and banks. In 1972, the breakpoint was lowered to \$300,000. Last year fixed commissions were removed on small trades—\$2,000 and below. What becomes unfixed next week is everything else—commissions on deals between \$2,000 and \$300,000, the bulk of business. "Most of the lumps are still to come," says George D. Gould, chairman of New York's DLJ Securities, a division of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, a major institutional broker.

No one knows what shape Wall Street will be in after six months or a year of negotiated commissions. If trading volume turns down, price wars could still drive many small firms out of business or into merger. As of now, brokers are guarding their post-Mayday plans as if they were state secrets. All eyes are on the securities industry's General Motors—Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith.

Merrill Lynch officials will not confirm it, but there are signs that the firm will "unbundle"—that is, begin charging separately for services such as maintaining certain kinds of records, sending out market letters or investment advice. Charges for at least some of these services were buried in the old fixed commissions. If Merrill Lynch does unbundle, the rest of the industry is sure to follow. The one certainty about Mayday is that brokers and investors will change the ways in which they do business. The three major changes:

AVERAGE INVESTORS, who have little bargaining power now, will not gain any under unfixed rates. But they will no longer pay an automatic industry-wide commission to buy, say, 100 shares of General Electric. Instead, they will face a dizzying array of fee schedules differing from broker to broker and varying with the kinds of services offered. In most cases, they will probably pay more in commissions instead of less as brokers unbundle their services and charge for them. In most cases, investors will probably choose to stick with a familiar broker and his services rather than shop for bargains.

INSTITUTIONAL INVESTORS, who account for about 70% of the market's volume, will remain the muscular hagglers they have always been. But they are not likely to save much more than they do now because brokers will only be able to shave their costs so much. Typically, institutions have paid brokers 50% to 70% of old rates on trades above \$300,000 that are negotiated now. Roughly the same pattern is expected to prevail after Mayday. An institution might prefer to pay more in commissions for better service from a broker who consistently performs well and gives helpful

investment advice. But there are legal risks. By law, institutions have a fiduciary responsibility to get the most for their clients' money—and are vulnerable to being sued if they fail. Pending legislation would allow institutions leeway in seeking the best service, which might not always be obtainable for the lowest commission. But even with that, lawyers may be kept busy in squabbles over whether commission dollars are being used wisely.

BIG BOARD BROKERS will be in a better position generally to compete with "third market" dealers, who do business off the exchanges and do not charge commissions; they make their money on the difference between their buying and selling prices. The third market sprang up in the 1960s to serve institutions who were seeking ways to avoid paying the Big Board's high fixed commissions.

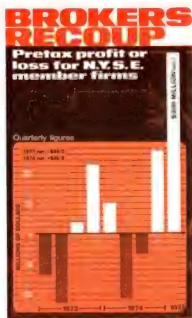
Whatever their impact, negotiated



1975: Data from Wall Street Journal

cause they were not automated enough to handle swelling trading volume. There followed destructive "back office" paper jams, missing stock certificates and theft. In recent weeks, firms have easily shouldered daily trading volume that would have smothered many of them a few years ago. Even so ardent a foe of negotiated commissions as James J. Needham, chief of the New York Stock Exchange, concedes that brokers are ready for Mayday. Says he: "They're about as trim as they could be."

Still, the Street's dependence on fixed rates is axiomatic; were it not for an emergency 8% commission increase granted last November by the SEC—a flip that boosted fourth-quarter profits in a withering market—Wall Street as a whole would probably have lost money



commissions are only one element in a Wall Street picture that has been rapidly changing during the past five years. In the rush to lure investors back to a market that until recently has been anything but alluring, the financial community has been offering new services to attract attention. The result: everybody is getting into everybody else's business. Banks, for example, offer stock-purchase plans to depositors. Life insurance companies are selling mutual funds. Merrill Lynch went so far as to buy Family Life Insurance Co. of Seattle, and is now considering registering the life insurance salesmen as stockbrokers.

The American Stock Exchange in January began trading odd-lot Treasury securities in denominations of \$1,000 to \$99,000. Its hottest new product is the

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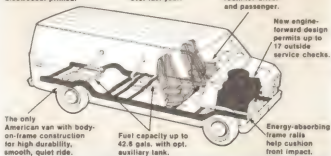
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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

listed option, a way of betting on the future rise or fall of a stock just as commodity speculators gamble on wheat or soybean futures. So far, the Amex's listed option volume has risen to nearly 20% of that on the Chicago Board Options Exchange, where listed options were born two years ago. On the C.B.O.E. itself, volume is doing nicely: in 1974, its first full year of business, it traded 5.6 million contracts representing 560 million shares of 32 companies.

Central Market. Much of Wall Street's long-range future will be determined by pending legislation that would drastically alter the structure of the securities markets. Stalled last year because of successful lobbying efforts by the securities industry, the revived measures have now cleared the Senate and are likely to pass the House by the end of this month. Among their many features would be an order to the SEC to begin moving toward establishing a single, truly national securities market, supplanting the hodgepodge of regional exchanges that now exist. Some actions have already been taken toward the "central market." In June, transactions on other exchanges will appear on the same ticker tape as those on New York's Big Board. Investors will then be able to see where they can get the best deal and steer their business to the proper exchange.

Despite the coming reforms—and the current revival of stock prices and trading volume—there is still a pervasive worry over the future of the stock market as a capital-raising mechanism. The Big Board's Needham fears that negotiated commissions and a central market could decrease incentive to belong to the N.Y.S.E. and weaken the nation's oldest and most important stock exchange. He worries also that the changes will tend to increase institutional dominance of the market, making it increasingly inhospitable to individuals. They will continue doing what they have been doing for some time: investing elsewhere—in commodities or funds that buy interest-bearing securities. Small investors have apparently not been too impressed by the booming market. All the evidence is that the institutions, not individuals, have dominated the rebound.

AGRICULTURE

Heading for a Veto

Ever since falling farm prices and higher costs put the squeeze on their incomes last year, the nation's farmers have pushed for "emergency" legislation that would boost Government price guarantees. With help from liberal urban Democrats, the politically skillful farm bloc has shepherded one package of supports for corn, dairy and other agricultural products through the House (TIME, March 31), propelled another, more generous version through the Sen-



FALL REPLANTING IN KANSAS
Mercy to consumers.

ate, and engineered a compromise that emerged from a conference committee last week. The measure promptly sailed back through the Senate; it will pass the House this week and then land on President Ford's desk—where it is expected to be vetoed.

If the President does plow under the "emergency" measure, it will be an act of mercy toward consumers, but a blow to farmers. To shore up net farm income, which nearly doubled in 1973 but fell 17% to \$27 billion, last year, the measure would increase the support price of milk from 75¢ to 80¢ of so-called parity, raise "target" prices of wheat, grain and cotton (giving farmers cash subsidies if the price falls below the "target" level), and allow the Government to make larger loans to growers. It would also raise grocery bills. According to Agriculture Department economists, the addition to retail food prices this year would cost the consumer several hundred million dollars; milk, butter and cheese would all be higher.

Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, who normally backs any proposal that helps farmers, believes that this one would only encourage them to produce for Government guarantees. Its effect, says Assistant Secretary Clayton Yeutter, would be to take the nation "back into the dark ages of farm policy." Indeed, for four decades Government policy consisted of a labyrinth of props under income that expanded until it cost taxpayers \$4 billion in 1972. By overhauling the old system, the Nixon Administration trimmed the price tag to about \$500 million last year. Unless Congress can now override a presidential veto of the 1975 bill—which seems unlikely—the cost of farm supports may well continue to decline.

OIL

Off to a Bad Start

French Diplomat Louis de Guiringaud worked almost all night to break the deadlock, but failed. The next afternoon U.S. Under Secretary of State Charles W. Robinson flew home alone from Paris, and the remaining delegates to the international energy conference last week quietly ended their meeting.

The gathering brought together representatives of four members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, three developing oil consumers (Brazil, India and Zaire) and eleven industrialized oil importers (Japan; the nine-nation Common Market, speaking through a single delegate; and the U.S.). They were supposed to prepare an agenda for a larger conference later this year, but the parties were unable to agree on the topics.

The four OPEC members (Algeria, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela) joined forces with the developing nations to insist that a later conference would have to consider price-stabilizing arrangements for a wide range of commodities, not just oil.

The industrialized nations wanted to limit the agenda to energy and directly related topics. Even so, a compromise did seem within reach for a time. The European Community, negotiating on behalf of the U.S. and Japan, made a proposal that would cover raw materials as well as oil but would provide for "special attention" for the oil issue. As a sweetener, the proposal also offered to consider subjects of interest to the developing countries such as industrialization and the transfer of technology. European and American diplomats fully expected that the offer would break the deadlock, and some of them were making premature announcements about the success of the conference.

To their surprise, the seven nonindustrialized countries flatly turned down the compromise because in their opinion it still gave too much emphasis to the oil issue. Explained Robinson: "The conference broke down on the inability to find satisfactory middle ground between our view that it should be an energy-centered conference and the OPEC and less developed nations' view that it should be a forum for discussion of a new world economic order."

As the conference closed, delegates promised to keep in touch. But the outlook for a full-dress global meeting—or any sort of oil amity—is dim. At week's end while visiting Washington, Saudi Arabia's petroleum minister, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, warned Americans that in the event of a new war in the Middle East, or even some vaguely defined "situation like war," the Arabs would not hesitate to impose another oil embargo on the U.S. and to extend it to Japan and Western Europe if they dared to share their supplies with the U.S.



PAN AM DIRECTOR-TO-BE MARIETTA TREE

AIRLINES

Exit the Pioneer

Under the gun of financial extremity Pan American World Airways has dropped many of the exotic but unprofitably flew. Then it turned to Iran for about \$245 million in rescue loans. Now another long-dormant feature of the company is going. After 48 years of service, Founder and Chairman Juan Terry Trippe, 75, will not stand for re-election to the board at the annual meeting on May 13.

Company watchers say that the decision signals no fundamental change in Pan Am. Chairman William Seawell has set the company on an austere course, cutting not only routes but personnel. The atmosphere is a far cry from the days of Pioneer Trippe's pre-eminence. Even after he resigned as chairman in 1968, nominations to the board were

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

routinely submitted to Trippe for approval; he preferred men who cut an elegant figure, either romantic or old-school-tie. Foremost among them: the late Charles Lindbergh.

Seawell has hand-picked replacements for Lindbergh, Trippe and former Treasury Secretary John Connally, who also will not stand for re-election. They are Financier Sol Linowitz; Marietta Tree, a city planner and former chief of the U.S. delegation to the U.N.; and Lowell Dillingham, scion of an old Hawaiian family. Only Dillingham appears cast in the elegant Trippe mold. Though a Boston Peabody, Mrs. Tree is known for her liberal views. Linowitz, a sagacious businessman, is expected to give Seawell tough-minded support.

The chairman will need it. The loan negotiations with Iran appear to be in trouble. One reason: the Iranians demand that General Ali Khamenei, chief executive of Iran Air, also be added to Pan Am's board.

RECESSION NOTES

Checked Out. Their accounts may be empty, but many consumers write checks anyway during periods of recession and inflation. Their intention often is to try to get to the bank with money before a merchant turns in the check. More consumers are now losing the race. In Dallas County, Texas, bad checks for \$200 or less nearly doubled between January 1974 and January of this year. In Atlanta, the amount of debt that never gets collected has increased 20% to 25% in the past six months or so. Most of it is made up of bad checks written for small amounts to discount department stores.

Reading Rise. In many towns the new in place for free information and entertainment is the public library. "It is a truism among librarians that the Great Depression saw a tremendous rise in people coming into public libraries, and we believe this is happening to some extent again," says Larry Moulumb, a public library administrator in Washington, D.C. Books on how to pass exams or learn skills are more popular than ever before. In San Francisco, the city library's head of public information has noticed a sharp increase in demand for histories of the Depression. The staff has also been taught the meaning of such recondite phrases as "GNP implicit price deflator" (the nation's most comprehensive price index) by securities brokers who come in to look up reference publications no longer subscribed to by their thrift-minded firms.

Annual Beatings. An oddball stockholder bristling with poison-tipped questions has disturbed many an annual meeting in the past, but usually he or she has badgered management alone.

This year, warned Touche Ross & Co., a major New York accounting firm, stockholders worried by the recession would show up in force and ask tough, possibly angry questions. To help such clients as Sears, Roebuck & Co., Boeing and Prudential Insurance, Touche Ross put together a memo warning management to expect sharp queries in three main areas: the ability of the company to cope with such business conditions as liquidity shortages, the management of corporate assets, and the reliability of the firm's financial reports. Early meetings have borne out the predictions. At last week's annual meeting of Touche Ross Client Chrysler Corp., 650 shareholders peppered management with some questions that the accountants had

not included in their forecast. Among them: Would Chairman Lynn Townsend agree to resign? The answer: No.

Trash Slash. A steady downward trend has been established by one of the economy's more esoteric indicators: garbage collections. Consumers buying fewer goods have less to throw out; sluggish industrial activity is reflected in less waste. In the first three months of 1975, Chicago sanitation workers picked up 200,000 fewer tons than in the first quarter of 1974. Conspicuously absent are the usual numbers of discarded major appliances such as stoves, washing machines and refrigerators. New York City's household and construction wastes dwindled by nearly 1 million tons in 1974, and continue to diminish in 1975. Pickings are slimmer in the Atlanta area too. In Fulton County, Ga., because of factory shutdowns, refuse production by industries has slipped 80% in the past eight months.

Fat of the Land. With a vast field of job seekers to survey, some employers now pay careful attention to factors other than professional qualifications. "If two people are equal," Atlanta Personnel Consultant Neale Traves tells his job-hunting clients, "invariably the employer will take the guy with the clean-cut All-American look." A case in point: a former clerk in Los Angeles complains that prospective employers have demanded that she have her Afro hairstyle straightened and that she remove the gold earring from her nose. Overweight people, in particular, feel that they are being squeezed out of the job market. In a recent survey of 1,000 heavies conducted by Dr. Rudolf Noble, a San Francisco obesity specialist, 14.2% claimed that their weight was preventing them from landing jobs.

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Ursus Saves?

SHARDIK

by RICHARD ADAMS

604 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$9.95.

Richard Adams has written a second novel, and may the Great Bear God help him. It seems certain that he is in for a spell of heavyweight reviewing, the kind of borborygmia reappraisal the critical community indulges in when it feels slightly ill and foolish after a gorge of overpraise. What was overpraised, of course, was *Watership Down*, a bunny epic greeted last year as if it were a cross between *Moby-Dick* and *The Wind in the Willows*. The excessive praise was a critical phenomenon that occurs every year or so when reviewers tire of the stinkiness that honesty requires, and heap all of their withheld love on some more or less fragile volume.

Seen without regard to its predecessor, *Shardik* resembles good science fiction, unsatisfactorily diluted with Victorian romanticism. The author postulates a tribe of Iron Age men called Ortelgans, in ancient times the builders and rulers of a splendid city called Bekla, but now, because of military and moral decline, a ragtag band of hunters huddling fearfully on a river island at the edge of the Beklan empire. The planet is earth, but the local geography is all of the author's making, and he has great fun with maps, invented place names and at least four different languages.

Adolescent Bluff. The central figure of the Ortelgan religion is Shardik, a giant bear god. Though only a caste of virgin priestesses preserves this memory, Shardik actually lived as a real bear during the time of Ortelga's supremacy. When Adams' story begins, a great bear appears, driven to the edge of the River Teltharna by a forest fire. Confused and maddened, he stops, rises awesomely on his hind legs, standing more than twice as tall as a man, and beats at the flames. Burned and half-conscious, he is driven into the river, across which he drifts to the Ortelgans' island. There the bear is discovered by a young hunter, Kelderek, and soon everyone in Ortelga believes he is Shardik come to life again.

Adams is absolutely first-rate at making the reader feel the river mist on his face, feel the brush of wet leaves across the skin of arms and thighs, or smell the stench of a sodden bear. This extraordinary ability to evoke physical detail carries the book to whatever success it has. Where the author seems weak is in the sentimentality of his conceptions. These shape what is not meant to be a children's tale into a kind of pretentious adolescent bluff: a tragic chronicle of conquest, corruption and decline that dribbles off into happily-ever-after.

Enflamed by the presence of Shar-

dik, the Ortelgans reconquer their old capital city. There they rule, under the guidance of Kelderek, who has become the bear's priest and interpreter (he is a simple, open-hearted man, who plays with children, shuns grown women—with an aversion that seems less priestly chastity than schoolboy prudery). To keep Bekla's economy prosperous, the Ortelgans revive a particularly obnoxious slave trade dealing in children. Kelderek, his mind on the possibilities of sainthood, thoughtlessly gives his approval of this abomination. Thus morally undermined, the bear cult deteriorates until enemies threaten Bekla. The bear Shardik is wounded, escapes to the countryside, kills an evil slave trader, then dies himself. After some hideous adventures, Kelderek atones for his misrule, marries a beautiful but slightly soiled virgin priestess, and sets up a community to care for former slave children.

There is no iron to this Iron Age fable. The grimness is fake, the fascination with virginity is a naughty bore, and the monstrous figure of Shardik is cheapened by watery supernaturalism. It is one thing for Kelderek and his primitive fellow tribesmen—a few skeptics to the contrary—to believe the bear is a god, quite another for author and reader to pretend to believe it. This pretense is what Adams insists on, and it smacks of Pan worship, that Victorian silliness in which refined city dwellers pretended that they glimpsed the wicked, goat-footed god as they strolled through an orderly countryside.

Adams begins his tale with an epigraph from Jung: "Superstition and accident manifest the will of God." Perhaps, but not here. The author spins out his romance entertainingly, but without dealing seriously with the questions he raises: of belief and its perversion, of authority and its corruption. Good as he is at nature walks, Adams does not venture far into the forests of the mind.

■ John Skow

Woe Is Me

PAGES FROM A COLD ISLAND

by FREDERICK EXLEY

274 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

If ever a successful novel seemed to be its own happy ending, it was Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes* (1968). In a captivating blend of fiction and autobiography, with remarkable humor and pitiless self-scrutiny, Exley, a high school football player turned writer and pressagent, told how his youthful fan-



RICHARD ADAMS & BEAR GOD
Belief and its perversion.

tasies of athletic and literary glory ripened into alcoholism, two ruined marriages, three stints in state mental institutions. For winters on end, he remembered, all that kept him lurching from Sunday to Sunday was an obsession with pro football and the exploits of New York Giant Halfback Frank Gifford, a classmate at the University of Southern California. To Exley, 45, Gifford's triumphant career provided weekly proof of his own status as an All-America flop.

Pixilated Idyl. Those who thought that success would spoil Exley's romance with failure underestimated his capacity for masochism. In *Pages from a Cold Island*, he comes up with a new hero to feel dwarfed beside. No mere football star, either. This time he has chosen the century's pre-eminent American critic and man of letters, Edmund Wilson. Once he creeps into Wilson's shadow, Exley happily sets off on another binge of literary self-deprecation.

Along the way, he swiftly tries to demolish or denigrate the success of *A Fan's Notes*, which got splendid reviews, sold respectably, and won some literary awards. For a while, Exley garnered fan notes of his own, as well as lecture invitations and a chance to hobnob with the likes of Norman Mailer and Saul

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BOOKS

Below. His life settled into a long, pixilated idyl: winters of bohemian sloth on Singer Island, Fla., sleepy summers at his mother's house in upstate New York, side trips to Europe and Nassau, and an endless supply of booze and accommodating young women. Still, he insists, "my life-style of lugging my own soiled sweat shirts and skivvies to the laundromat and lunching on cheeseburgers and draft beer had altered not a whit."

Critic's Tribute. Edmund Wilson's death in June 1972 really gave Exley something to grieve about. He was seized by the desire "to take something of Wilson to carry with me" because Wilson had been everything he was not: dignified, dedicated, the last survivor of the lost, drunken literary generation. What was more, there was a tenuous connection between the two men. Wilson's final years had been spent restoring his ancestral stone house in Talcoville, N.Y. Exley had never met Wilson, but then he had barely met Gifford. His mission was clear: sober up and pay tribute to the better man.

Naturally, Exley claims that he failed. His carefully prepared picnic with Wilson's secretary was "a disaster". Wilson's oldest daughter did talk to him—about everything except her father. Exley, as usual, is too harsh on himself. The book's reconstruction of Wilson's last days—which the critic spent listening to the sound of a bulldozer chewing up his front yard for a highway project—is skillful journalism. It is as clear and direct as Exley's eulogy for Wilson. "He's done precisely what he'd set out to do as a young man—to get to know something about all the main departments of human thought—he'd lived to be 77, he'd died a lot less uncomfortably than he might have done."



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BOOKS

Rueful hero worship is an odd, yet touching trait in a man of 45. *Pages from a Cold Island* goes in for a bit of heroine worship too, most successfully. Exley tells how he schemed to meet Gloria Steinem because he wanted to learn how she had survived the 1960s with her poise and beliefs intact, "while I'd come out of the years badly whipped, cravenly, running to a quitter's obesity."

Their interview, a comic *pas de deux* of cross-purposes, comes to an end when Steinem airily puts down an absent friend by saying that he "should have been a sports reporter for the *Daily News*." Stunned, Exley cannot bear to tell her that "the dream of my life" was to be that very thing. It is as if Fay Wray had chased King Kong down the Empire State Building and into the nearest saloon.

Near the end of *A Fan's Notes*, Exley reached a bleary-eyed recognition of his "destiny—to sit in the stands with most men and acclaim others." But after two books, the question is: whom will he find next to measure down against? *A Fan's Notes* did have a brief reference to Edmund Wilson. *Pages from a Cold Island* offers no such clue to the future. Henry Kissinger probably will not do any more. Warren Beatty? Queen Elizabeth II?

■ Paul Gray

The Roads to Eaton Place

MR. HUDSON'S DIARIES
by MICHAEL HARDWICK

ROSE'S STORY
by TERENCE BRADY and CHARLOTTE BINGHAM

SARAH'S STORY
by MOLLY HARDWICK
All published by Pocket Books. All \$1.50.

As followers of Public Television's most popular import know, the relationship between Richard Bellamy and his servants in the Edwardian saga *Upstairs, Downstairs* is complex, profound—and totally unilateral.

They know everything about him: his bank balance, his sex life, his loneliness after Lady Marjorie's death, the snubs he receives from his aristocratic Southwold in-laws, his distress at Son James' behavior, the state of his career. And in a hundred ways they mutely demonstrate their sympathy for him. But Richard, unlike the TV audience, knows very little about them. Consequently, his sensitive efforts at sympathy often seem gauche, even patronizing.

It may, therefore, have been in a spirit of democracy as well as commerce that Producer John Hawkesworth authorized a series of pop paperback "autobiographies," which purport to reveal "the never-before-told secrets" of Hudson, the butler, Head Houseparlormaid Rose and the renegade Sarah. But good grief! As cooped up into print by a quartet of British writers, the earlier lives of the



SARAH FROM UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS
A passel of bestselling servants.

fascinating Bellamy servants have been drowned in tears and treacle.

Hudson, it seems, nobly renounced his ambition to be a lawyer and took a job as a gamekeeper to support his parents and educate a gifted younger brother. He falls in love with a highland lass, only to watch her die from measles. Rose's story is just as stark. Left motherless at twelve, she found herself successfully at the mercy of a drunken father, the Southwold servants' hall, and a lecherous young master. Orphan Sarah's beginnings were livelier—and even more unpleasant. As a girl she is saved from impending rape in Whitechapel, but the man who saved her turned out to be a perverted missionary. By contrast, the weekly blend of world crisis and teapot tragedy at Eaton Place—where all the books end—seems calm indeed.

In the *Soup*. Such books are known in the trade as "show tie-ins," and by the debased standards of the genre these are well done. But what would happen if the show went in for "book tie-ins" and the Bellamys had to cope with a passel of bestselling authors below-stairs? The furor would make an episode in itself. Undoubtedly, Southwold Solicitor Sir Geoffrey would summon a conclave to cope with the scandal. Richard might well consider putting the screws on the outraged Dowager Lady Southwold to increase his allowance in exchange for suppressing his earlier diaries. Richard's middle-class daughter-in-law Hazel would surely stick up for the servants' right to publish, and James would profit from the occasion by borrowing tenners from a suddenly flush Hudson. As for Mrs. Bridges, it is obvious that the good woman's recipe book would become an alltime seller, she would retire to the Cotswolds—and *Upstairs, Downstairs* would be in the soup. ■ Gina Maller

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BOOKS

Cash and Culture

At the National Book Awards ceremony last year, after a young man had streaked naked in front of the stage, the imperturbable master of ceremonies remarked, "That's funny. I talked to Alfred Knopf just a few days ago, and he said then that he couldn't make it tonight." For this year's ceremonies the famous publisher, now 82, turned up on-stage at New York's Avery Fisher Hall, suitably clad in a pink shirt. Knopf was being given a special citation for more than half a century of distinguished publishing, and his brief remarks recalled a happier time when de-luxe editions of books could be bought for \$1.50 apiece.

The sense of cost and continuity was a somber reminder to the audience that after 26 years, this might be the last N.B.A. ceremony. Plagued by rising costs and dwindling support, derived mainly from the Association of American Publishers, the National Book Committee, which long sponsored the awards, last year went out of business. The 1975 N.B.A. ceremonies, in fact, took place only because Roger Stevens, chairman of the committee on awards policy, personally guaranteed expenses. Whether or not he can save the awards is still very much in doubt.

Persistent complaints and suggestions about the N.B.A. range from the publishers' charge that the awards do not sell books to the preposterous notion that the official ceremonies should resemble the Academy Awards, with the myrmidons of show biz whooping things up on network TV. But the N.B.A. lists of nominees and winners over the past 26 years could serve as a remarkably concise index to the quality of postwar American literature and the broad concerns of American life.

This year's winners were typical of that diversity. In fiction, the split award went to a traditional academic novel, Thomas Williams' *The Hair of Harold Roux*, and Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers*, a savage morality tale that moves as fast as a whodunit and finds a nihilistic link between the Viet Nam War and the drug

culture. The arts and letters award was shared by Lewis Thomas' *The Lives of a Cell*, a meditation on the structure of all living matter, and Roger Shattuck's life of Marcel Proust. For the recently created category, contemporary affairs, the judges put together a list of nominees that included Bernstein and Woodward's *All the President's Men* and Robert Caro's *The Power Broker*. They finally chose Theodore Rosengarten's *All God's Dangers*, the unforgettable memoir of an Alabama sharecropper.

Soul and Psyche. Other winners: in history, Bernard Bailyn's *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson*, a study of the Royal Governor of Massachusetts on the eve of the American Revolution; in philosophy, Robert Nozick's *Anarchy, State and Utopia*, a disquisition upon just how and why that government is best which governs least. In poetry, Marilyn Hacker's *Presentation Piece*; in biography, Richard B. Sewall's *The Life of Emily Dickinson*; in children's books, Virginia Hamilton's *M.C. Higgins, the Great*, a story about growing up black in the Cumberland Mountains. Science and translation offered a contrast between trouble of the psyche and of the soul: Silvano Arieti's *Interpretations of Schizophrenia* and the Anthony Kerrigan translation of Spanish Philosopher Miguel de Unamuno's *The Agony of Christianity and Essays on Faith*.

In an acceptance speech, Dr. Arieti admitted that his book represented some 34 years effort. That news is not likely to encourage commercial publishers. But if the awards do not sell many books in the short run, they are a powerful institutional advertisement for reading and the importance of ideas. It is useful to be reminded, too, that books that matter still tend to be created by individuals working over long periods of time—mostly alone and not mainly for money. The awards' present fiscal plight offers any potential backer a great cultural bargain. One minute of advertising on the *Cher* TV show costs around \$75,000. A guarantee of just about that much would keep the N.B.A. afloat for a full year.



BERGMAN IN THE CONSTANT WIFE

THE THEATER

Fossil Pit

THE CONSTANT WIFE
by SOMERSET MAUGHAM

When it comes to the stage, Ingrid Bergman dotes on second-rate plays. In recent years she has appeared in inferior O'Neill (*More Stately Mansions*), hand-me-down Shaw (*Captain Brassbound's Conversion*), and now in fossilized Maugham. Bergman has treated each of these dilapidated vehicles as if it were the Queen's own royal bouchée wheeling through the gates of Buckingham Palace. Indeed, Elizabeth II would not fault Bergman's acting technique—a tilt of the head, a flash of a smile and the wave of a hand.

In *The Constant Wife*, Bergman is Constance Middleton, an amiable, idle woman who plays hostess to life in a well-appointed drawing room. Her husband John (Jack Gwillim) is a prosperous Harley Street surgeon who is having an affair with Constance's best friend, a blonde married flibbertigibbet. Omniscient as Sherlock Holmes and calmative as Candida, Constance knows all about it and does not wish to be told. But friends will tell.

What ensues is not outrage, vituperation or divorce, but smug Shavian homilies on the double standard and the right of women to economic self-determination. Incontestable Constance takes a job as an interior decorator and decamps for a six-week fling with an ardent old beau.

The becalmed drama stirs fitfully with a few clever lines, but only one member of the cast, Brenda Forbes, as Constance's mother, delivers those with any style. Since Maugham wrote the play, half a century has passed, and passed it sadly by.

■ T.E. Kolem

NATIONAL BOOK AWARD WINNERS. STANDING (FROM LEFT): STONE, SHATTUCK, HAMILTON, ARIETI, ROSENGARTEN, THOMAS. SEATED: WILLIAMS, SEWALL, HACKER, NOZICK



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2. Leasing is good for people who use their cars for business.

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3. Leasing is complicated.

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4. Leasing is merely another way to get a car.

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